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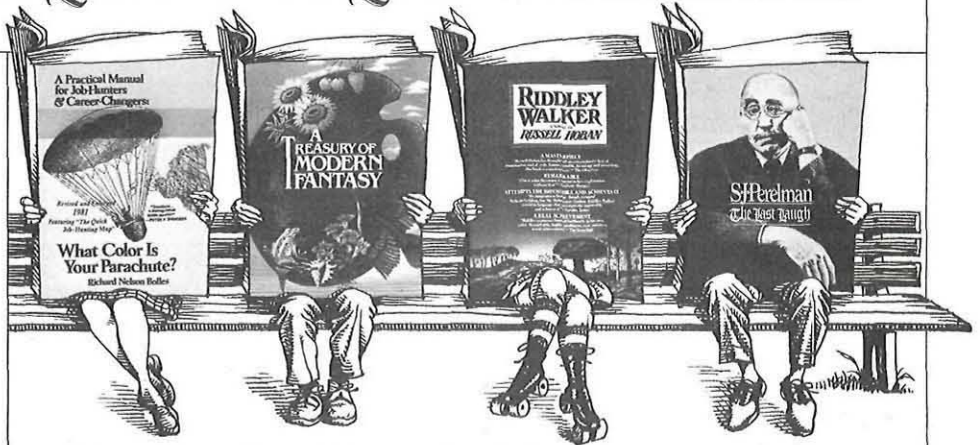
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A LOT OF US HAVE WILD IDEAS. HERE'S TO THOSE WHO GET THEIRS OFF THE GROUND.

For 105 years, attempts have been made to cross the Atlantic by balloon. All of them failed.

Until in 1978, on their second try, Maxie Anderson and his two partners astounded the world. They made it.

The following year, he and his son, Kris, (who holds the world hot air balloon distance record), piloted the first balloon to fly across the North American continent. Now, Maxie is preparing for the ultimate adventure: a 10-day, 20,000 mile flight around the globe.

What the Andersons will try next is anyone's guess. But one thing is certain. Whenever these two daring, unpredictable balloonists get together, they do something very predictable. They pour themselves a glass of their favorite Scotch, Cutty Sark. And they start planning the newest mission impossible.

Maxie and Kris Anderson

The Scotch with a

following of leaders.

CUTTY

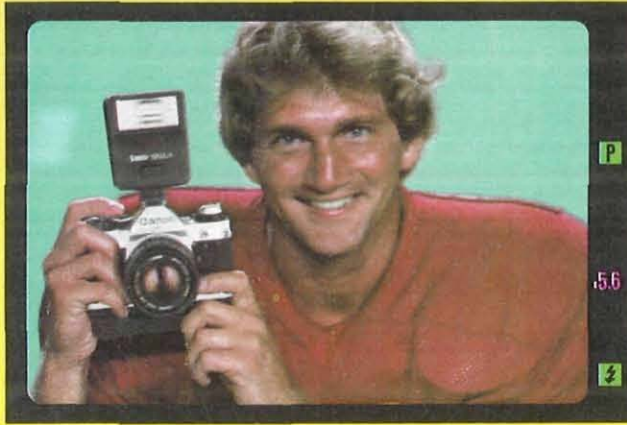
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There has never been a high quality 35mm SLR camera as simple to use as the Canon AE-1 PROGRAM. That's why people who don't have time for complicated cameras, like Washington Redskins' quarterback Joe Theismann, carry it with them wherever they go. And you should, too.

Indoors or out, day or night—in any light—the AE-1 PROGRAM is designed to give you perfect pictures automatically. You just focus and shoot. Really. When set on "PROGRAM" the advanced electronics inside provide total automation, so you can concentrate on your subject.



to 4 fps. rapid sequence shooting.

There are eight interchangeable focusing screens and nearly fifty Canon FD lenses that fit the AE-1 PROGRAM. So you can shoot a wide-angle panorama, do candid portraits or use a Canon zoom lens to really reach out and bring your subjects up close. Best of all, when you add any of these exciting accessories, shooting is still automatic. And just as simple.

Ask your Canon dealer to show you the camera that makes fine photography simple. The new Canon AE-1 PROGRAM. It's one more reason we're the world's leader in 35mm photography.

camera's electronic brain automatically adjusts the lens opening for the lighting conditions.

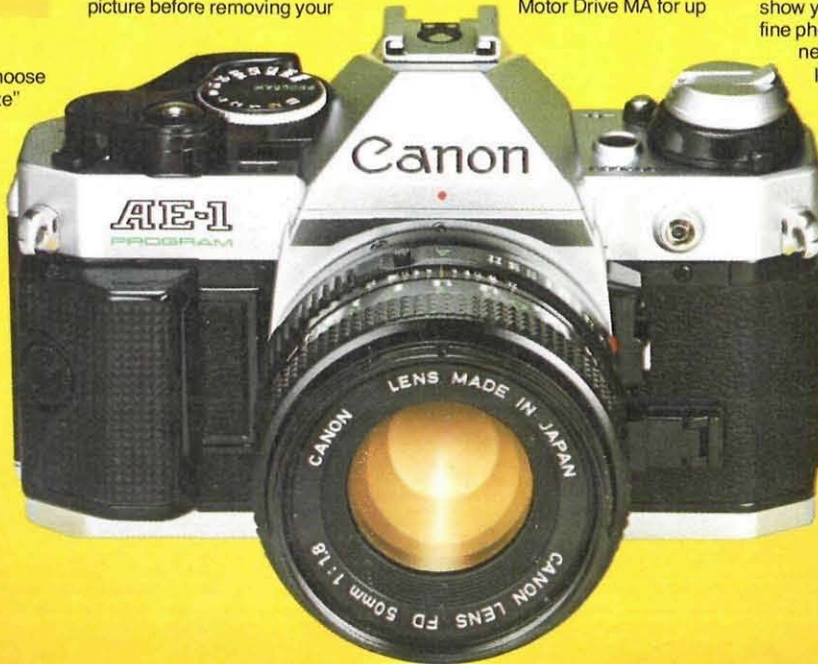
Flash photography is totally automatic as well, and with the new Canon Speedlite 188A with built-in exposure confirmation, you can tell you've gotten a perfect flash picture before removing your

eye from the viewfinder!

There are new and exciting accessories that add even more versatility. The Power Winder A2 provides single-frame and continuous motorized shooting at up to two frames-per-second. Or, for really fast action, you can add the Motor Drive MA for up



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FD 135mm f3.5 lens



FD 35-70mm f4.0 zoom lens



FD 100-300mm f5.6 zoom lens

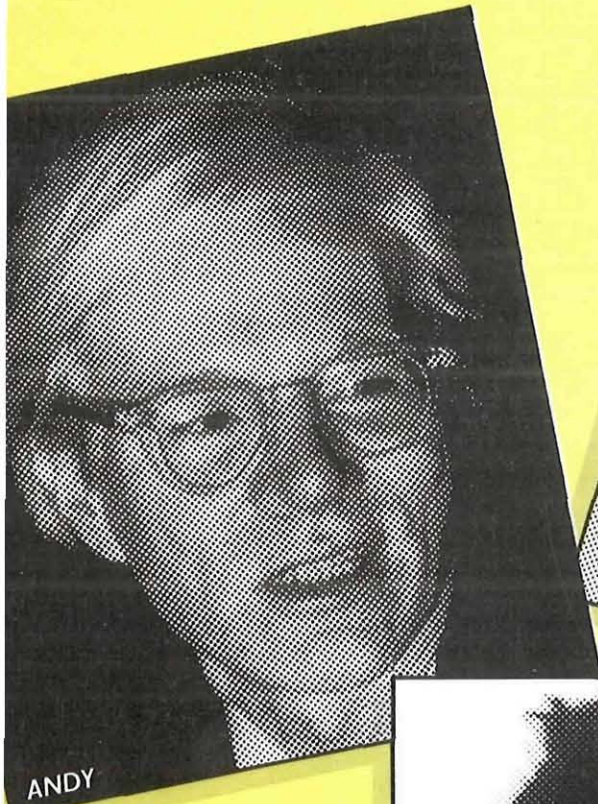


FD 70-210mm f4.0 zoom lens

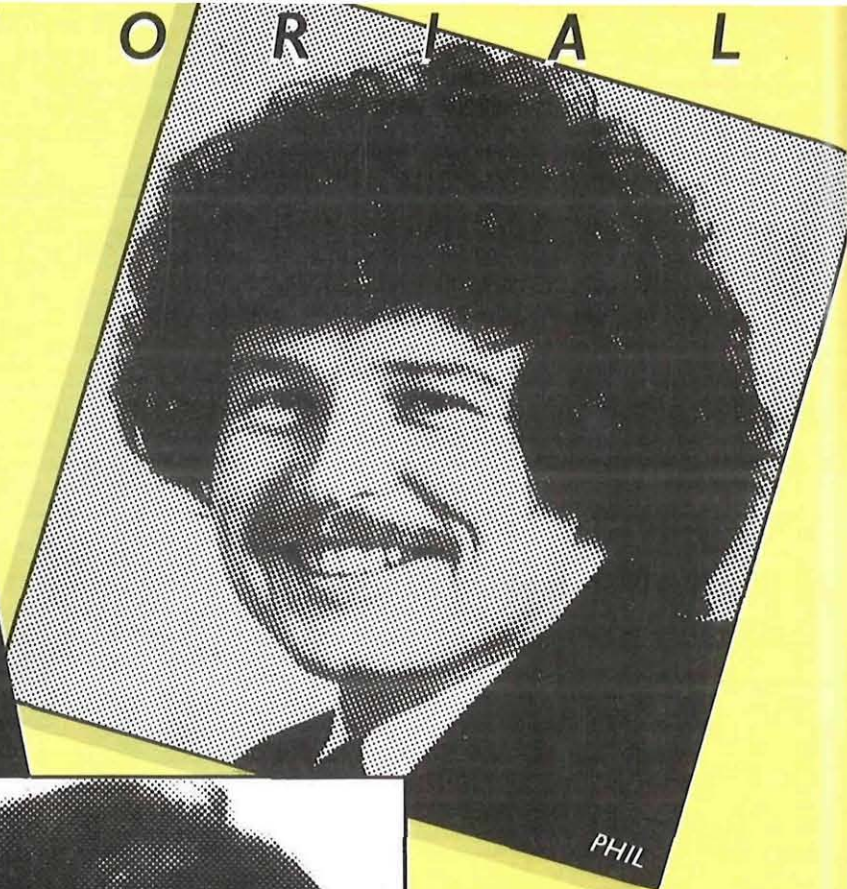
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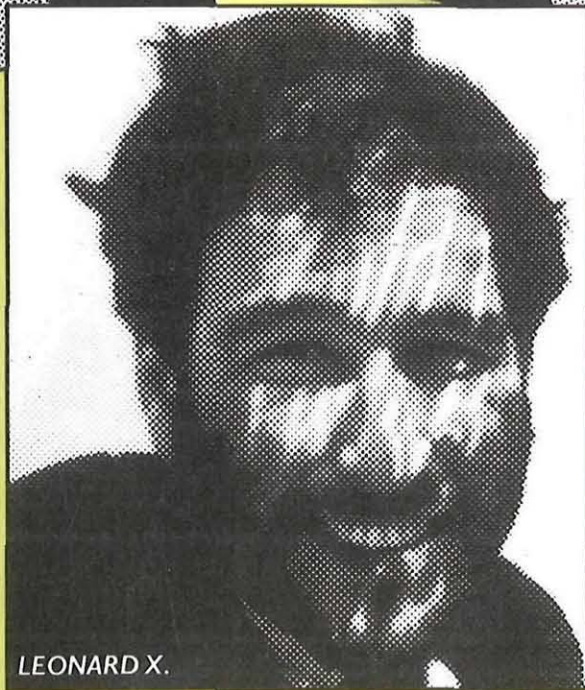
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ANDY



PHIL



LEONARD X.

We wanted to find out what's hip, what's in, what's really happening in the world, but all our efforts led nowhere. The fact is, we don't know what's hip. All we do at *National Lampoon* is wait for other people to tell the world what's hip, and then we poke fun at them for being silly and wrongheaded. We take the easy way out. We go for the cheap shots. We let the other

magazines take the real chances, the ones that go out on a limb and actually tell you what's hip and in. It's easy enough for us to say, "That's not hip, that sucks." Or, "That's about as hip as a Mark Spitz poster." But what if Mark Spitz posters are back in and are very hip? How do we know?

We discovered that the only people who really know are the magazines whose business it is to know. It's their specialty, their job. They get paid for it and they do it very well. There's *New*

West, *Texas Monthly*, *New York*, and the *Village Voice*. There are underground magazines, art magazines, gay magazines. But when you come right down to it, there are three magazines that stand out from the pack—*Esquire*, *Interview*, and *Wet*. We admire them so much that we asked them to be our consultants for this issue, and they graciously accepted. In a sense, they are the "guest" magazines in *National Lampoon* this month, because once they got involved they insisted on doing the entire issue. And so, special

thanks to:

Phil Moffitt, editor of *Esquire*. Phil is one of the high priests of hip punditry, a man who not only says the right things but is not afraid to ask the right questions, a man who is rightly concerned about things that could get alarmingly disturbing.

Andy Warhol, publisher of *Interview* magazine, for being who he is—supreme arbiter of taste and trends, a man who never says no to a polite request. Gentle, genial, jovial Andy Warhol. A nod from Andy and you can wear the same shirt for five years.

Leonard X., publisher of *Wet* magazine. More a state of being than a real person, but a whole being, a being whose influence can permeate a room like the heady smell of a great perfume. And if you don't bathe, the smell can linger and haunt you. But then, as Leonard might say, bathing is where it's at. □



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GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Sirs:

Well, we've been married for a while now, and everything seems to be working out quite well. Except for one little problem. Anne keeps saying that I'm supposed to put my *a-hem* in her *harumph-hmm* all the way, and break the little *cough-cough*. But I keep telling her, "Anne, if I do all that, your insides will all fall out as soon as you stand up. I once slit open a fox down there, Anne, and his insides all fell out." Of course, I don't really believe that rubbish, but it's the only way I can get the overly pious little nit to give me a decent *ha-humph*.

Prince Charles
In my own jolly castle
England

Sirs:

For your information, our room rates have changed accordingly: single, \$95; double, \$112; asbestos, \$186.
Las Vegas Hilton

Sirs:

My wife had been taking a body-building course at the YMCA, and it was really bugging me, her getting so muscular and all; so one day I decided to play a gag on her. I placed a silver Kennedy dollar on the floor and said, "If you're in such great shape, you think that you could pick up that silver dollar with your asshole?" I thought it was pretty funny. She just said, "Easy," pinned my arms to my sides with one hand, grabbed my ankles with the other, and rammed my face onto the floor so hard that the coin was embedded in my forehead. Then she set me back on my feet, pried the Kennedy out of my skull, and said, "You got anything tougher in mind, asshole?" I said, "Just a divorce, bub. Just a divorce." What ever happened to a sense of humor?

Arnie Stubbs
Palm Beach

Sirs:

I stayed at this hotel in Palm Springs and it cost me \$125 a night. Inside the room there was a sign that said: "To conserve energy, please turn off the light when it is not in use." Hey, for \$125 a night, that light stays on all fucking night. I'll put on hair dryers, irons...and I'll leave the television on all the way through "Sunrise Fucking Semester." They have one hell of a nerve.

Roger Sobeleski
Yakima, Wash.

Sirs:

A lof of fucking good your stinking American advisers do! We ask for advice and what do we get? "Brush after every meal," "Pick up your feet when you walk," "Don't talk with your mouth full," "Keep your eye on the ball," "Don't get tied down before you've established a career goal." We don't want that; we want to know important military things, such as how do I get the old used-up bullets out of a gun?

General Torres
El Salvador

Sirs:

Could somebody please send me a transcript of the television debate between Reagan and Carter? You see, I'm in an isolated part of the Vietnamese jungle, and I'm standing on one of those "trick" mines that blow up when you step off them. I've been standing here since 1973, and I would just like to have one more good laugh before I step off this fucker.

Sgt. Joe Fleagle
Mai Pong Jungle

Sirs:

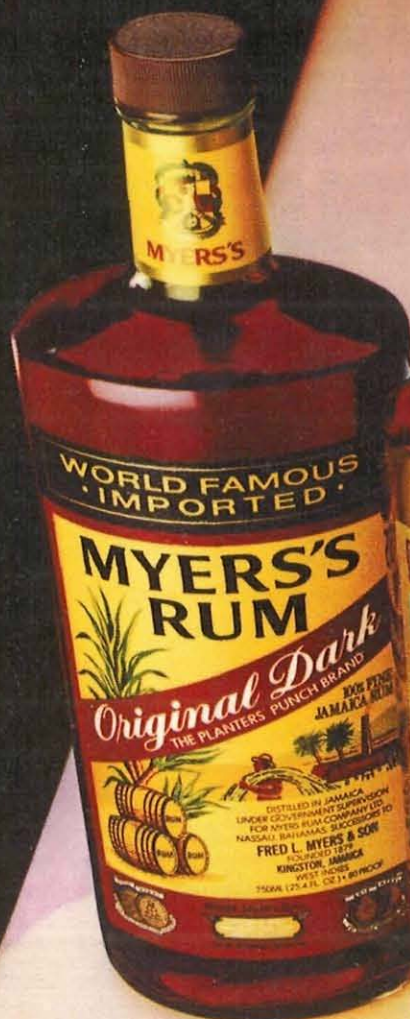
I would like to report the following trophy fish, taken near Acapulco, Mexico: a world-record great white shark. The bait: a medium-salaried Canadian businessman, preferable to most other bait. The extreme whiteness of the winter Canadian draws great whites from a good distance, and the plump, consistently soft-textured flesh makes for a solid bite and firm hooking—no nibbling or spitting up. This particular bait came equipped with a good-quality flasher lure: a Rolex Oyster Date-Timer. The great thing about this lure is that it attracts the shark well into the evening. What's more, you can recover it and use it over and over. Highly recommended. Of course, I've yet to try all the businessman bait on the market. One suspects that a sausage-fed German BMW executive, for instance, would obtain excellent results. However, the great availability of the winter Canadian makes him just about the best bait available on southern beaches. Remember, though: use him before he's been in the sun, or he'll likely be spoiled by a mating red snapper. Good luck and good fishing.

Lopez Estrada
Estrada Bait & Tackle
Acapulco, Mexico

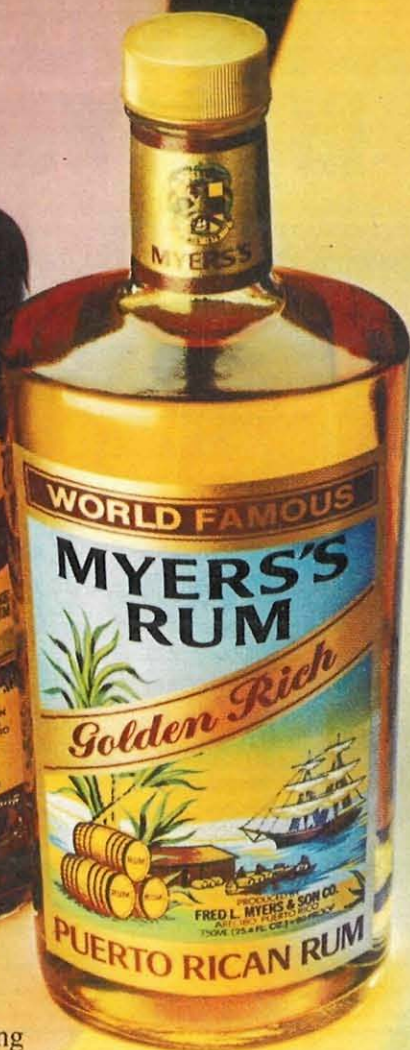
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LETTERS

continued

Sirs:

If James Brady had been my press secretary, I'd still be the goddamn president. A man who can take an exploding bullet through the head and go back to work could have handled that biased, bloodthirsty pack of reporters with both hands tied behind his back. Then it could have been Nixon kicking the press around, for a change.

Richard (I'll never give up) Nixon
New York

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Julian L. Weber
Publisher

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Sirs:

I am writing to you as an official of the ASPCA to warn any of your readers who might be involved in the showing of pedigree dogs that they must be especially careful.

They must be doubly alert if they happen to own and show smaller fluffy- or wire-haired breeds.

A gang has been capturing a lot of these animals lately and selling them to unscrupulous chimney cleaners who attach them to sash cords and drag them through factory chimneys. In many cases this mistreatment ruins the dog for show purposes.

So, please, if you show dogs, stay on your toes and report any suspicious activity at once to your nearest ASPCA office.

Thank you,
Clifton Detritus
Animal Protection Squad
ASPCA

Sirs:

I must zay to you, not all ze Frenchmen you meet are 'omos. Eet eez upsetting to zem to be treated as 'omos. Eet eez eensulting to be called a 'omo. Eet eez even cause for ze duel. Zerefore, I, Jean-Henri Poot-Gaspard, challenge you to ze swords at dawn. You weel tell me een advance ze color of your 'andkerchief, so we weel not clash, non?

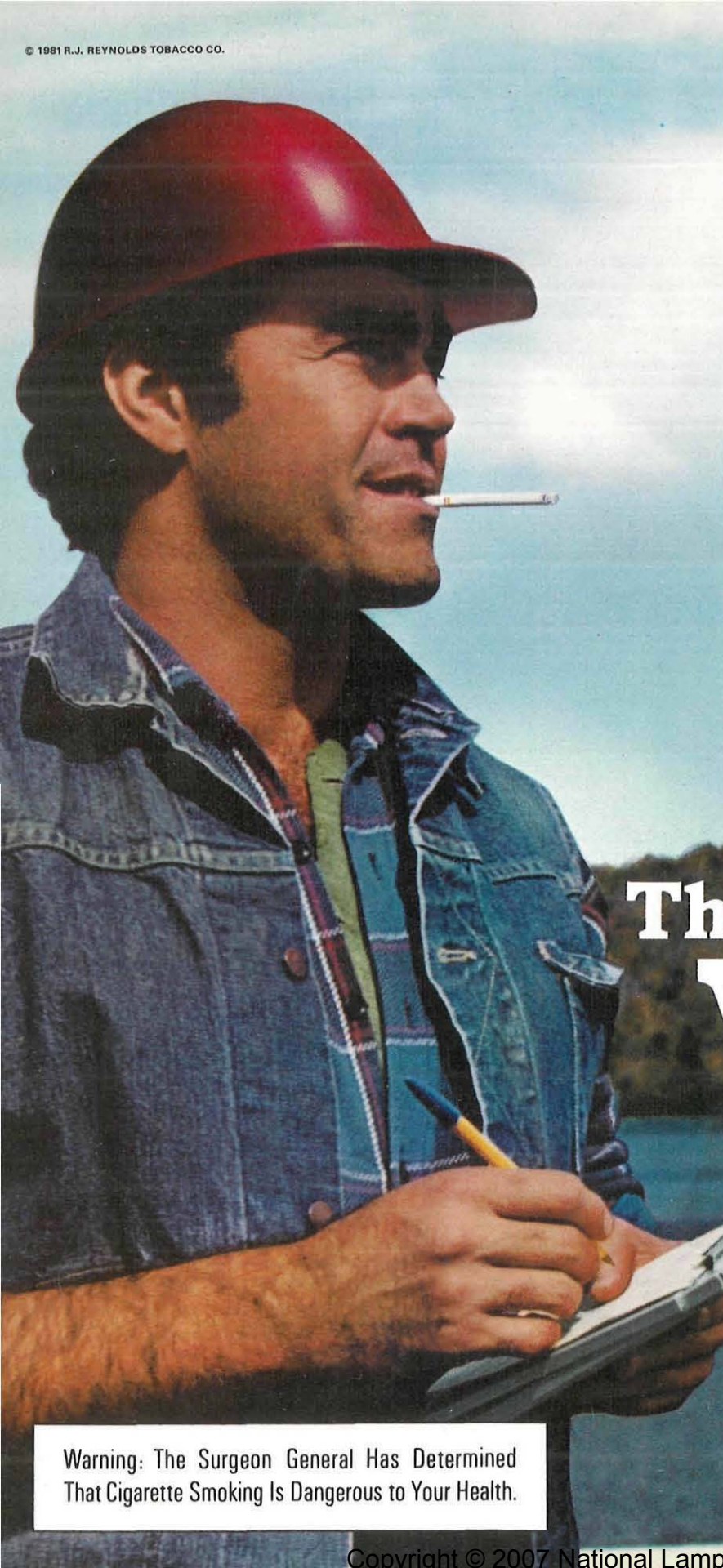
Jean-Henri Poot-Gaspard
Paris, France

Sirs:

A lot of young singers write to ask me how I achieve my unique tonal quality. I don't have time to answer all the letters individually, so I'll share the information in your funny magazine. God blessed me with an inoperable cleft palate. Just before a concert I fill it with peanut butter (creamy, not crunchy, as the nuts can get lodged in your sinuses). Sometimes I snack while I'm singing, and I've had to learn how to pace myself carefully. Years ago at a concert I ate all the peanut butter with two songs to go in my set. None of the lyrics to "Chances Are" and "A Certain Smile" came out at all, and I developed a severe headache. Finally a show-biz otolaryngologist pumped my nose and relieved the pressure, but the words are still up there. Chances are I'll always wear a silly grin.

Johnny Mathis
Los Angeles, Cal.

continued



LETTERS

continued

Sirs:

Did you ever notice how sometimes even the biggest comedians suddenly lose their popularity? They just vanish without a trace. Who takes the comedians, man? Where do they go? "Martha, where did you put George Carlin?" "I don't know, he was here a minute ago." Some weird shit going on.

George Carlin
Château De Ville Lunch Theater

Sirs:

Guns don't kill people. Knives do.

Jack Magnum
Phoenix, Ariz.

Sirs:

Here's an idea: Take all the stupid kids in school to a factory where old guys with low-paying, dead-end jobs are working. Then have the old guys curse the kids and tell them how bad life is if you don't have a good education. I'll bet those kids would learn fast after that. I call the program "Scared Smart."

Bob Socrates
Yellow Springs, Ohio

The first ultra Win Ult

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5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Sirs:

It's an outrage, and someone should know about it! Do you know that those FDA bastards are trying to ban our well-constructed, safe, fun little parakeet swings because a few birds fell off and cracked something? I say, if these birds are so uncoordinated that they can't hang on to a lousy little swing, it's *their* problem, not the company's! Let them get off their tails and learn to fly if they're so worried about hitting their precious little heads. Do you realize how much money we'll lose if we have to recall all our Keet-Swingz and install the little safety harnesses they want us to make? Anyway, you *know* the birds won't wear the damn things!

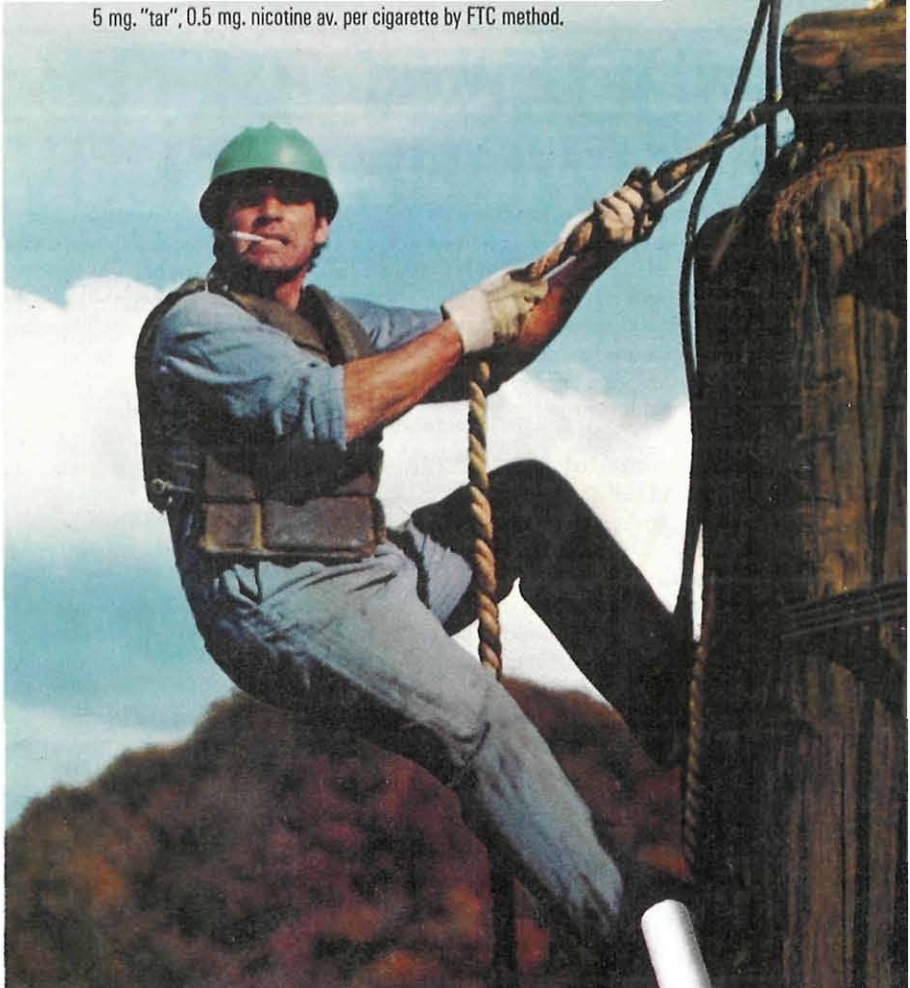
Lou Larsen, Company Rep.
Keet Pla-Tools

Sirs:

In order to cut down on the wasteful use of paper, we are no longer including Belgium on any of our maps.

Rand McNally
Spanning the globe

continued on page 20



low tar built on taste.

ston
ra

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How Does It Work?

Ours is a complex world made up of millions of things that we have no idea about the workings of. We take for granted marvelous machines, miraculous inventions, spectacular body functions without ever stopping to ask ourselves, "How the heck does that work?" We hope to open your eyes, as we explore the way our world works!

Condoms: Contrary to popular belief, a condom, or "rubber," is not made of rubber at all. Many years ago condoms were made from rubber, but the quarter-inch thickness made them hard to roll up and burdensome to carry. Most men complained of a lack of "sensation." Other materials were substituted—catgut, pig intestine, fiberboard, tin, and grape leaf, to name a few. Finally a research team at the Stimula Labs discovered that the same plastics used to make balloons would make excellent condoms, and prototypes were hand made and tested with favorable results. The gay red and blue and green colors, the tradi-

tional balloon colors, were replaced by the more sexual "clinic flesh" color. Later the balloon colors were brought back as more and more couples began having sex during daylight hours and with illumination during the evening.

Condoms serve three purposes. Foremost, they give the penis a uniform shape and color, leaving it looking sleek and clean, with smooth lines, eliminating the irregularities, bumps, veins, and folds of skin thought to be unpleasant to the female eye. Second, they prevent disease. The plastic sheath prevents a male from "squirting" his venereal germs into his partner. Last, a condom prevents pregnancy by reducing the amount of "good feelings" a male receives from the intravaginal friction caused by the rubbing of the penile shaft against the coarse inner lining of the vagina. Additionally, the painful tugging of the pubic hairs that catch in the condom as it is rolled over the penis signals the testicles not to produce sperm.

Payroll Computer: The payroll computer has been a savior to many businesses in that it eliminates the need for an overweight, middle-aged woman with a bad personality to handle company pay disbursement. Paychecks are issued automatically from the computer to employees without the need for human input. Each month the computer is "loaded" with cash, however much is needed to meet the payroll as determined by the computer and one or more company directors. The computer divvies up the cash and writes checks against the total amount. The checks are sent out of a small port in the front of the machine on a weekly, biweekly, or monthly basis. Should a miscalculation occur, and not enough money is loaded into the machine at the beginning of the month, the computer will cover the deficit for up to a week. If the overdraft is not taken care of after that time, the computer will shut down. More sophisticated models will also shut down office equipment and notify the Securities and Exchange Commission by telephone.

Cable TV: Many areas of the country now receive cable television, which is simply television that is broadcast underground. A transmitter is buried six to eight feet beneath ground level and a signal is sent out through a network of hollow tubes. Each home on the system has one of these hollow tubes leading into the house. When the signal comes aboveground and meets with warmer air, it contracts and is sent into the house through coaxial cable. The signal is so small at that time that it travels through the molecules of the cable's metal core. When the signal enters the TV, the temperature inside the set heats it up, it expands, and it produces a full-size image, virtually indistinguishable from an aboveground broadcast's. In many cases the cable picture is superior, because it does not break up, as the aboveground broadcast signal does when it strikes trees, buildings, and clouds. Some municipalities have allowed cable companies to broadcast down their sewer lines, saving the expense and bother of burying the twelve-inch broadcast tubes. These municipalities often restrict and censor broadcast material, because dialogue that is unsuitable to community standards will emanate from sewer gratings and sink drains during broadcast hours.

Tampons: The tampon was invented by a French chef in 1660. Originally it was inserted into small game birds to

continued

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channel rejection and capture ratio. So you get clean, clear sound on almost any road you drive.



The road is one mean obstacle course, but the Craig Road-Rated Receiver was built to handle it.

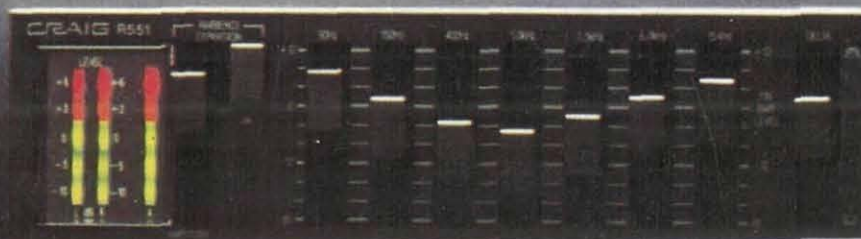
While the Road-Rated Receiver is protecting your music from the outside world, add a Road-Rated Equalizer and you've got control over the inside world.

With its ambience expander, you can turn your car into a rolling rock concert.

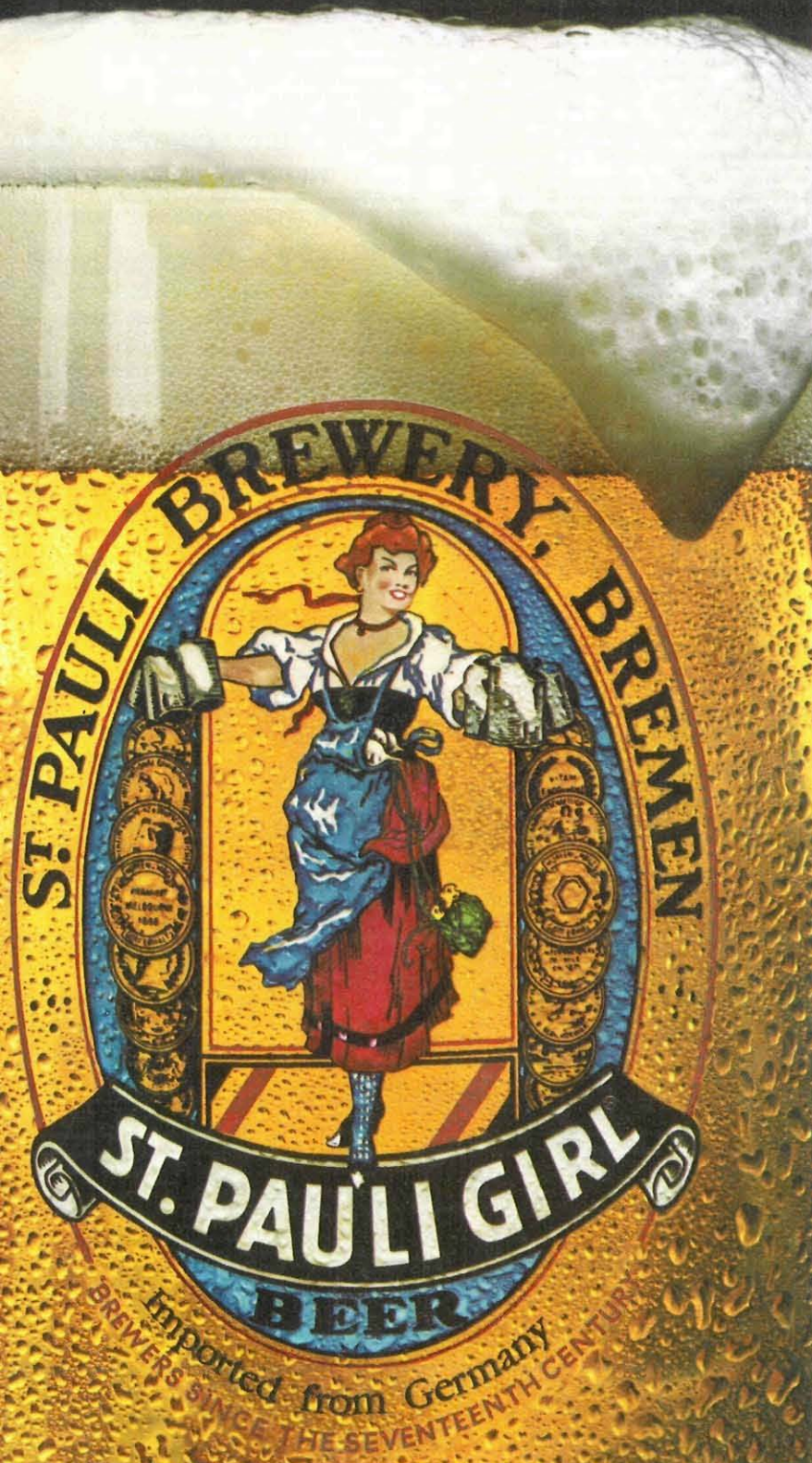
Now prove it to yourself. Listen to ours. Listen to theirs.

In the showroom, they sound good, too. But out on the road, they just won't move you like Craig.

CRAIG
ROAD-RATED RECEIVERS



You never forget
your first Girl.



HOW DOES IT WORK?

continued from page 14

sorb blood and fluids before the bird was stuffed. The practice spread throughout Europe and the tampon was improved from its rolled-up linen to linen filled with cotton batting. Economy moves eliminated the linen, replacing it with a mesh. The string was added later, when the tampon was adapted for use with whole animals, such as suckling pig and lamb. The tampon was pushed into the mouth of the animal and then retrieved by pulling on the string. As the tampon was evolving into a useful kitchen tool, women continued to rely upon the ancient practice of wrapping their hips in burlap to deal with menstrual flow. It wasn't until a convention of Danish chefs got out of hand in 1755 and their drunken rowdiness led to the insertion of a kitchen tampon into a bar trollop as a prank that the tampon found its present-day use.

How does a tampon work? Simple absorption. But the puzzle is in how it is inserted. You may have noticed that it is packaged in a thin paper wrapper and then in a cardboard tube. The entire wrapped tampon is inserted into the vagina. The paper wrapper and cardboard tube are both biodegradable and rapidly disintegrate, exposing the tampon to the vaginal fluids. The disintegrating paper provides the vagina with valuable nutrients that are lost in the absorption process. Without these nutrients the menstrual blood would coagulate and necessitate a monthly "dredging" process that is quite painful and extremely embarrassing.

Tampons are worn for from six to fifteen days, depending upon individual body characteristics and personal preference. When the tampon is "full," the string is ejected and works its way back to the buttocks. The mildly uncomfortable sensation of a foreign object between the buttock cheeks signals the woman to replace the tampon.

Recently, several tampon manufacturers experimented with new materials that improved the rate of absorption and eliminated the annoying *squish* sound created by old-style tampons. But the use of uranium-coated fibers had tragic results and the industry has now concentrated its research and development efforts on such improvements as ring pulls, fresh-scent impregnation, and spring-loaded insertion devices.

Chewing Gum: For hundreds of years chewing gum perplexed scientists. The
continued on page 34

Memoirs of a Cheap Sensualist

by Ellis Weiner

After the affair of the velvet facecloths, Simone and I fled Paris for Brussels. Of the week we spent there in an excellent if modest, almost humble rooming house, I have several memories, all of them rich with the aftertaste of untrammelled physical delight: a glorious afternoon donning and removing freshly washed shirts and blouses as we plucked them, still warm, from an automatic dryer; a morning's dalliance in bed, alternately sipping scaldingly hot coffee and spooning into each other's greedy mouths good Belgian strawberry ice cream; and one giddy night during which, without mercy, we tickled each other until sunrise. As the feeble light of dawn grew constantly stronger, so came we steadily nearer to utter exhaustion. Yet, ever unsatisfied, Simone begged for still more titillation.

"Please, David," she said. "Can't we have some absinthe, or something?"

"They don't make it anymore, it's illegal, and it's expensive," I informed my darling. Might I have sensed even then the stirrings in her of a craving for pleasure so intense that it would eventually prove our undoing? I do not, cannot, do not wish to, know.

From Brussels we caught a wide-bodied Pan American jet for New York. The flight was a perfect revel: Simone consumed, over my halfhearted protests, no fewer than two of the airline's excellent bottles of gin, whilst I contented myself with three (or was it four?) glasses of their complimentary tomato juice. The heady combination of the altitude, our high speeds through the stratosphere, and the copious beverages must have raised my senses to a pitch of delirium more extreme than even I had anticipated, for I found myself paying six dollars for two pairs of headsets with which to watch the entertaining film *Oh God, Book II*. Afterward, sated, I must have dozed; Simone told me, as the plane began its descent for landing, that I "had fallen asleep like an old man" and had left her "all alone."

"So I had three more gins while you were sleeping," she said with that charming air of defiance and wantonness I adored so. Naturally I struck her for wasting the money.

"Why are you hitting me?" she inquired. "You can afford three gins."

"Don't you remember how much the cab ride to the airport was?" I countered.

"I can't afford three ginger ales." She mumbled some grudging apology and we spoke no more of the matter.

We had squandered almost all our resources on the plane tickets, so, once installed in my family's small but entirely commodious studio apartment—Mother and Father were summering, as was their custom, at my Aunt Betty's lovely and remarkably reasonable Sea-View Guest House in Ocean City—Simone and I set about searching for some means of funding the gratification of our ever increasing need for sensual pleasure.

I shall never forget how, after an unusually stifling and hot summer's day of employment seeking, we each of us stumbled home in the dank and oppressive swelter—I bemoaning the fruitlessness of my search, she with the cheerier news that on Monday she would commence work as a secretary to a man named Pomerantz, a fledgling theatrical agent. Exultant over her success, and near panting with the heat, we were

seized by frenzy, and occupied the balance of the evening sticking our bared legs into and out of the open refrigerator. The keen contrast of the kitchen's sullen, cloying warmth and the appliance's cooling, drying interior was almost more than dear Simone could bear. At one point she fell onto the linoleum, near swooning, and sighed, "God, I wish we had some caviar."

"Eat those anchovies," I suggested. "They're salty too."

Perhaps it was then that, somehow, I knew I was losing my beloved. Whether or no, things soon began visibly to deteriorate. I finally secured a job at a rather large department store, and from time to time was able to bring home, at no cost to my purse, if at some cost to my stores of courage, various treats with which to please my dear one. Yet nothing availed. I suggested we stare, under a strong light, into a group of bright and colorful Christmas tree ornaments I had managed to remove from a closeout display. But while I took immense visual satisfaction in the dazzling reds and blues and greens and golds, Simone merely sniffed and remarked, "Alex Pomerantz has a Sony Trinitron." So I redoubled my ef-

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CHEAP SENSUALIST

continued

forts. I brought home discarded but perfectly fragrant empty bottles of fine perfumes for my beloved's nostrils, yet was rebuffed with a curt, cruel "Alex Pomerantz wears nice aftershave."

By then the charade could only play itself out to its bitter conclusion. Simone rejected my repeated offers to bake brownies from an especially delicious packaged mix. She dismissed as "boring" my scheme to purchase the ripest green grapes we could find and, stuffing as many as possible into our mouths, share the ecstasy of chewing all of them at once.

It was inevitable, then, that I arrive at the apartment one Friday evening in late July a bit earlier than usual—my ob-

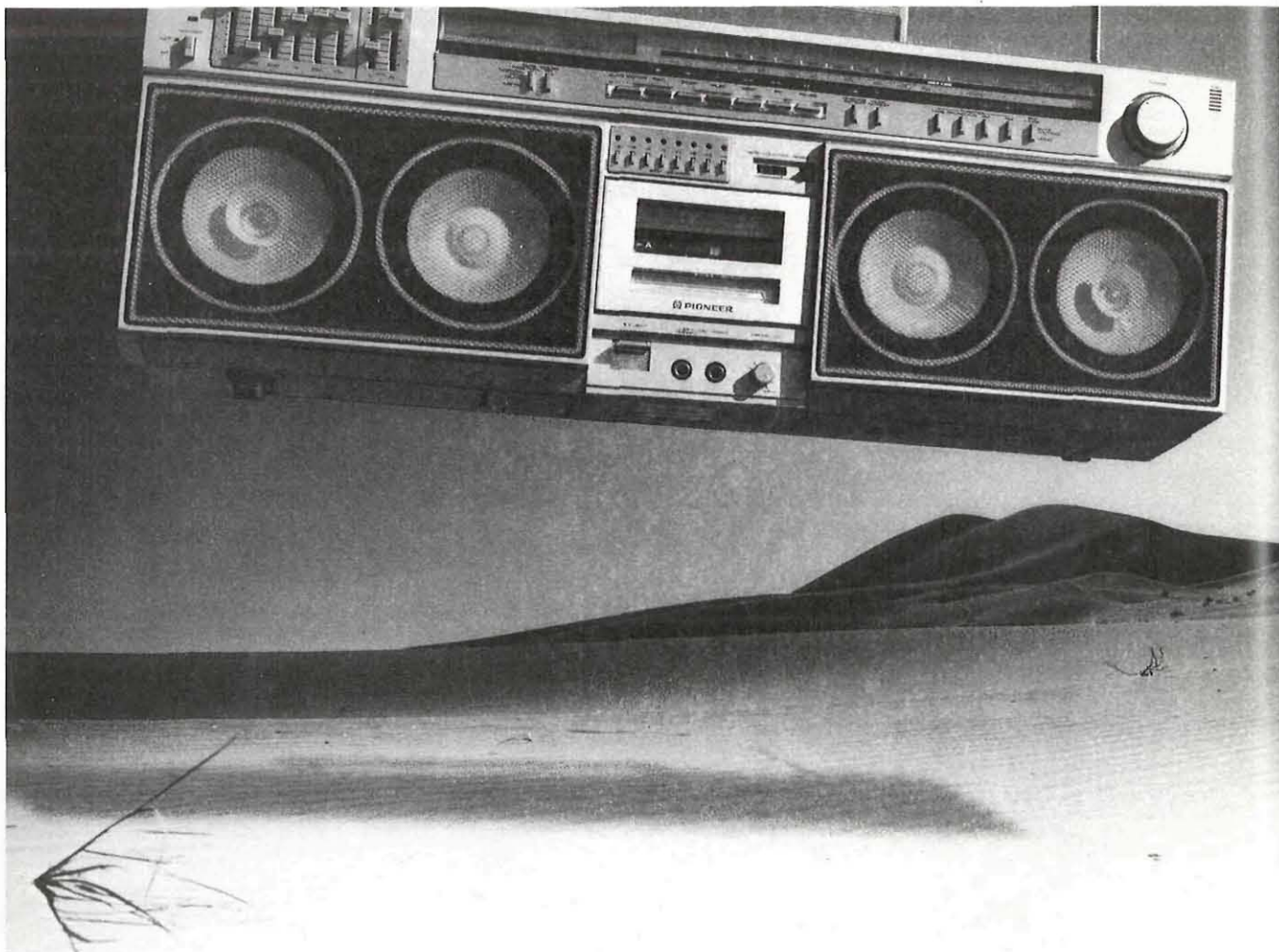
viously morose spirits having moved my employers to grant me an early leave—to discover Simone and a man who could only have been the hated Pomerantz in sportive play. They were each clad in a bathing suit. Each was, amid giggles and yelps, firing at the other a water pistol—the very guns I had managed to secure from an unattended toy counter not three days previous. At the time, I had proposed that Simone and I fill the weapons with ice water and delight each other with a cold dousing. It took but a moment for me to spy the half-empty bottle of cheap soave on the counter, and to surmise all.

"Go, then!" I cried. "Go with your idiot employer! Go and debase yourself! With his store-bought peanut butter

fudge, and his 'clever' idea of putting your T-shirts in the freezer. With his twin transistor radios to hold up to each of your ears. His environmental records of surf breaking and birds singing. His scratch-and-sniff collection. And his damned Italian jug wine! Go!"

I do not remember precisely what followed my outburst. I do know that the two of them stopped, threw on some clothing, and packed Simone's small suitcase with a few essentials. I must have stood by weeping, or perhaps I sighed disconsolately in a corner, the fumes of the soave even then enticing me from a distance.

Finally they were ready. Pomerantz went into the hallway to summon the elevator. Simone looked at me, a trace of



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her former allegiance suddenly visible on her face.

"Do you remember," I said with great difficulty, "that night in Tangier?"

"You mean the one we spent on the rug?" she asked quietly.

I nodded. No other words were necessary. I knew that at that moment Simone and I shared a memory that not only might be described as being visual, or conceptual, but one that must be termed sensual. For such had been the power and passion of that evening, on that faded, threadbare, yet not uncomfortable Persian carpet. It was then that I had learned the capacity of the human body to experience pleasure beyond imagining—and from so humble a thing as a box of paper clips. In the childlike delight af-

forded by the obsessive chaining together of them, in the cooling touch of their metal on our bare arms and stomachs, in the crisp rattle of them in their cardboard box (especially if you held it directly up to the ear, as we always did! always!), and in the rich, if uncomplicated, joy of simply throwing them at one another... in all these activities I believe Simone and I experienced all that it is possible for a man and a woman to experience, at least in Tangier, on a rug, with a box of paper clips.

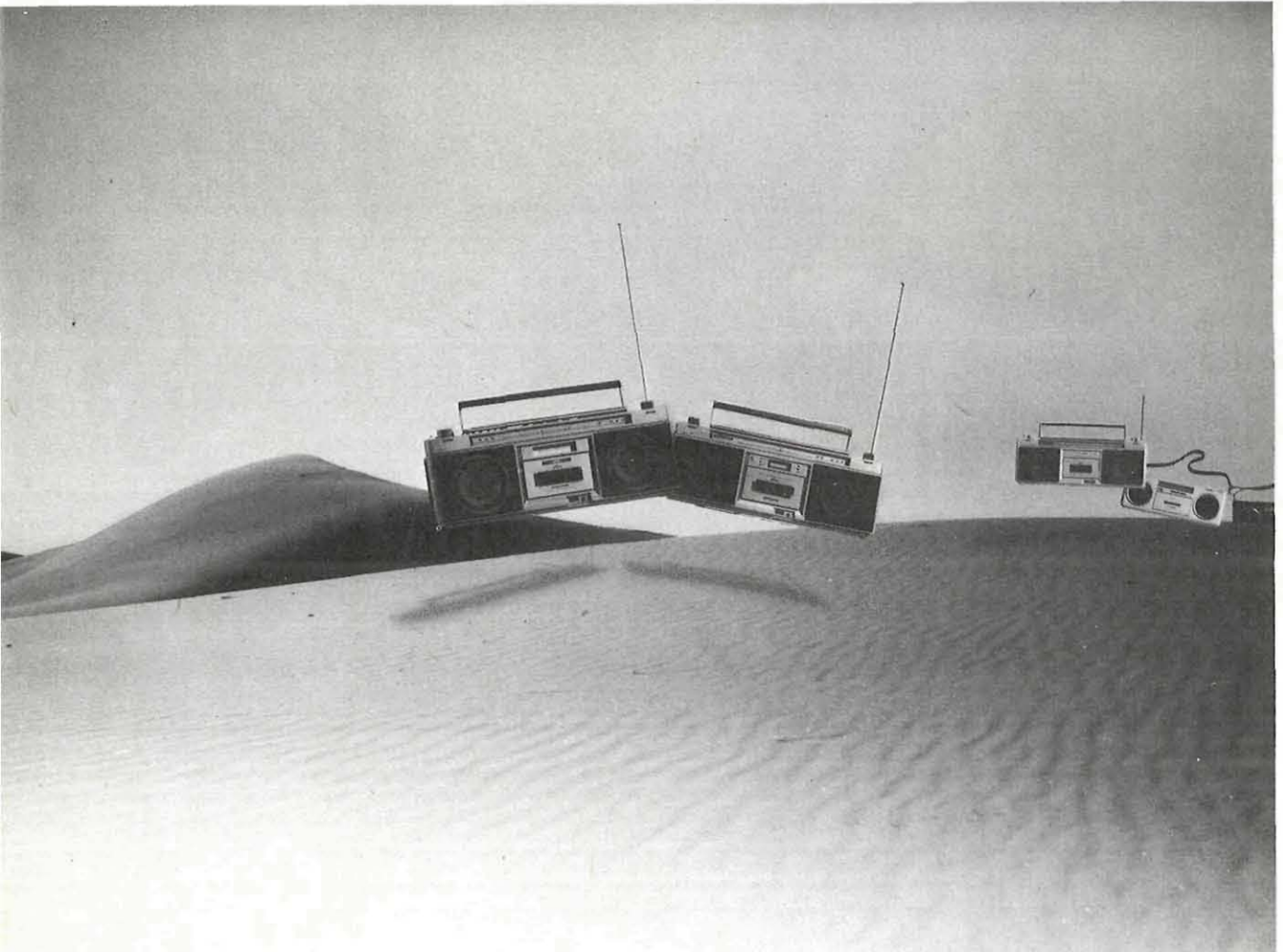
"I remember," she said, Pomerantz knocking at the door to signal their imminent departure.

"Good," I said. "Of course, it changes nothing... but I wish I had been able to provide you with more. But you see,

what with double-digit inflation..." I stopped, cast about, began again. "That is to say, the Consumer Price Index... a quart of milk now costs, what... I don't know..."

"That's all right," she said, picking up her suitcase. "At least you always knew where to tickle me best."

And with that, she walked out, closing the door behind her, and I was alone, and, aware that I desperately needed an escape from the torment of consciousness no ordinary diversion could provide, I hurled myself onto the sofa bed, and began what would ultimately amount to a three-day, unceasing viewing of the small, portable, black-and-white, but nonetheless perfectly serviceable television set. □



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LETTERS

continued from page 13

Sirs:

Kids always have a lot of energy, and adults drag around a lot. So why not send six year olds to work and their parents to school? This way you'll have fewer disruptions in class, and less wasted time on coffee breaks, since most kids don't like coffee anyway.

Rod Richter
Charleston, S.C.

Sirs:

Ah did likes you told me to, but de matches was wet.

Sam
Riviera Hotel
Las Vegas, Nev.

Sirs:

No, we're not going to dismantle the settlements on the West Bank, and we're not going to negotiate directly with the PLO, and we're not even going to give any more of the Sinai back. What we *are* going to do is shave real well and wear neckties for a change. This will make us look tidy and businesslike, like members of the United States Senate, and that way Jewish people in America will keep planting trees over here and not give all their money to the Red Feather drive.

The Knesset
Israel

Sirs:

For the last time:

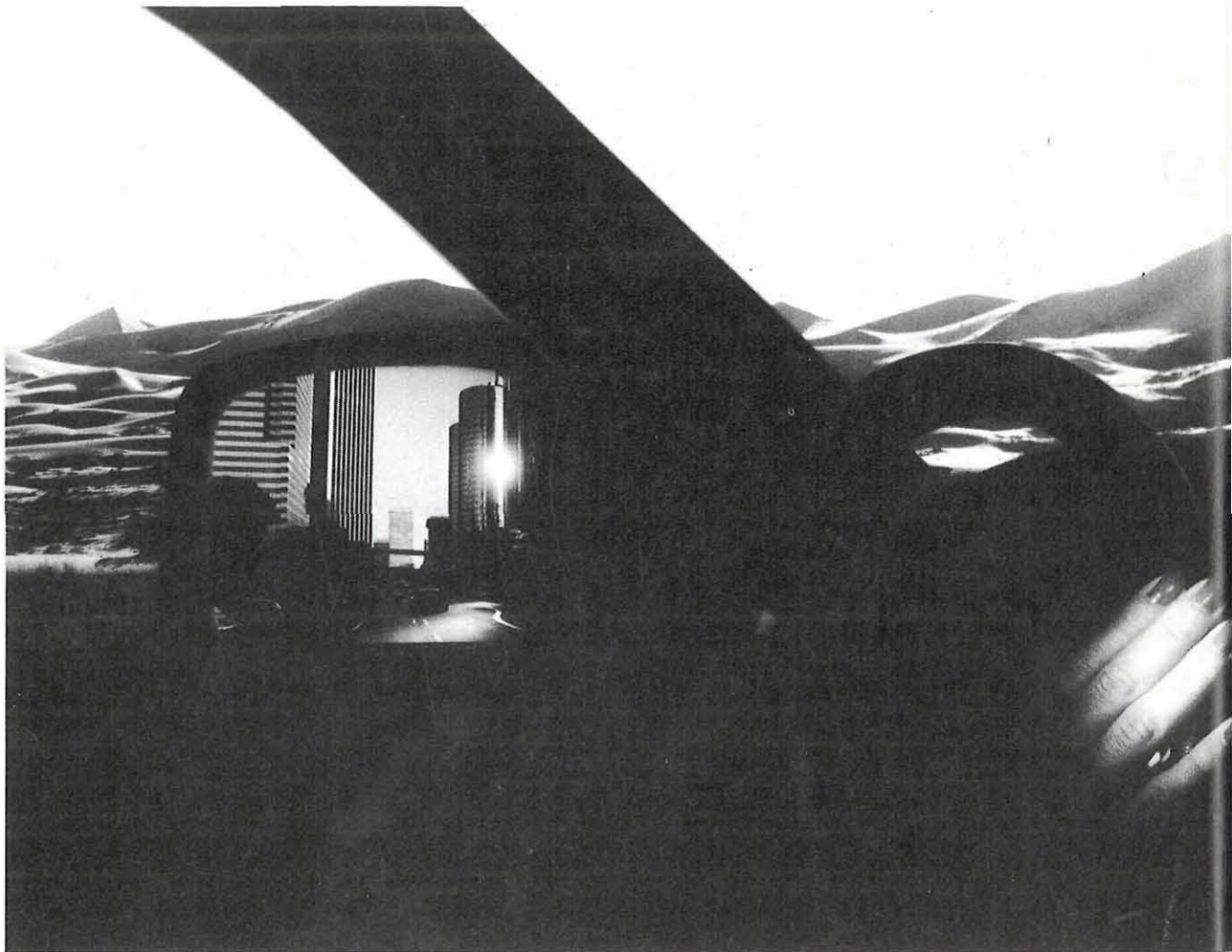
- a) I am not related to the whiskey company.
- b) I *am* related to the Dutch city in which the World Court is located, but they spell it wrong.
- c) My nickname is *not* "Gabby."

Alexander Haig
State Department
City, State

Sirs:

If a female ballet dancer is a ballerina, shouldn't a male ballet dancer be called a ballerinus?

Leo Tard
Swan Lake, New Jersey



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possible reception in the worst possible conditions.

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Sirs:

I done went got some of that "Placebo Spanish Fly" I saw advertised in the back of one of them girly magazines, but it ain't done a thing. Talk about false advertising! Why, with a hot Spanish name like "placebo" you'd think I'd be in for some really good lovin'.

Last time I sent in for something like that was when I sent away for one of them "Penis Enlargers." Now, I'm no dummy, no sir. I tried it first on my dog, and dag if it didn't work! Fact is, now I can take him for a walk most times without a leash.

Jethro Goober
Incest, Mississippi

Sirs:

I know some of your readers are wondering how I got the reputation of being one of the wittiest men in the United States Senate. Well, it was by firing off zingers like this:

Q. What looks like a box, smells like lox, and flies?

A: A flying lox box!

Sen. Robert Dole (R.-Kans.)
R., Kansas

Sirs:

I'm trying to get into publishing. Could you tell me why?

Ann Higgins
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I almost forgot. I also killed both Kennedys and Thurman Munson.

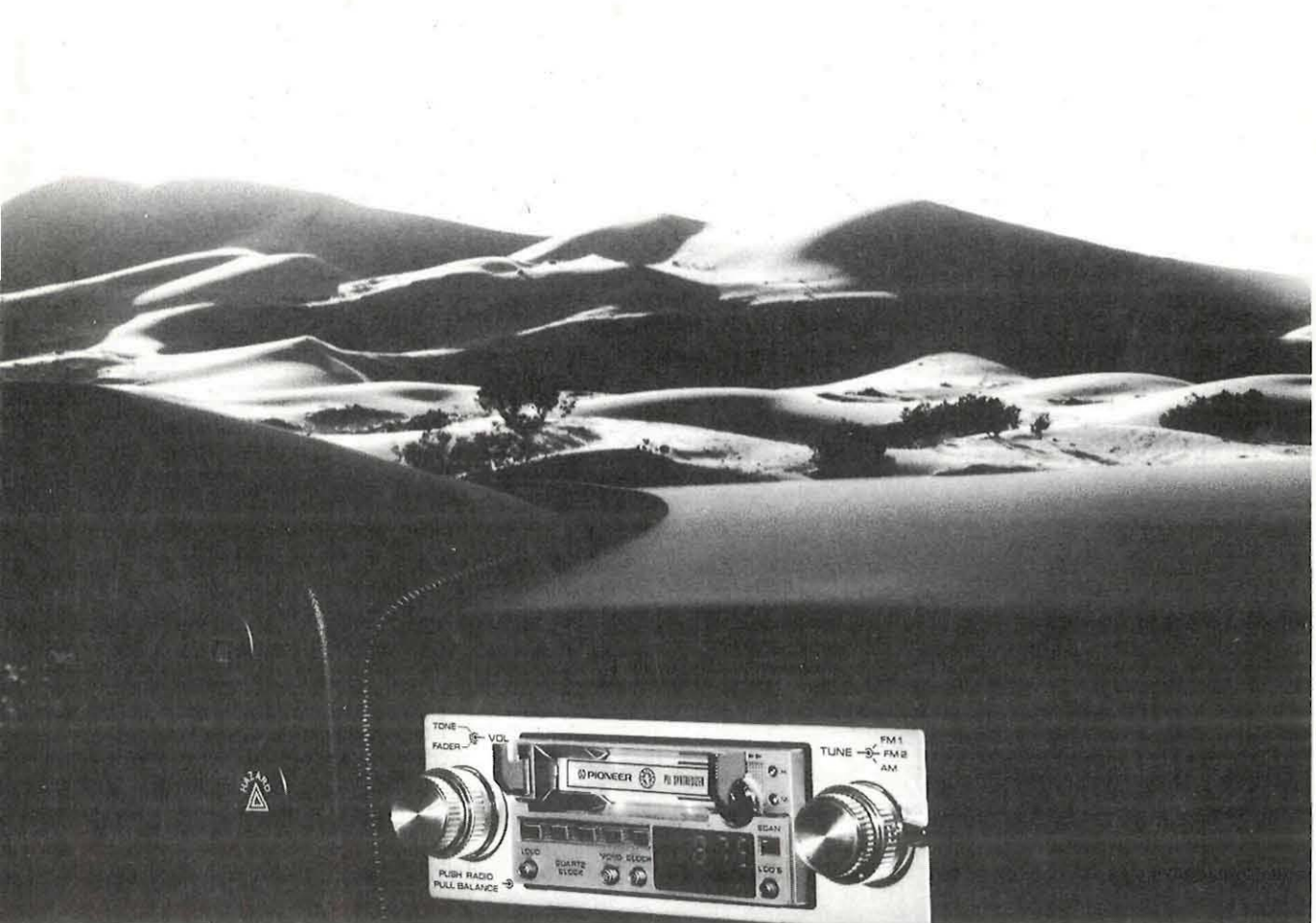
Jimmy the Weasel
On the talk shows

Sirs:

We've now made arrangements for you to be able to have your Social Security checks sent directly to us. No long lines at the bank, no worries about some hoodlum mugging you. Hey, you're welcome.

The TV Evangelists
Rolling in dough

continued on page 86



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On the Road, Revisited

by Jack Kerouac, Jr., as told to Joey Green

"Now boarding passengers with seats in rows twenty-two through thirty-two—passengers in rows twenty-two through thirty-two, please begin boarding!"

I was ready to go to the West Coast. I grabbed my briefcase, and my soul screamed as I walked up the boarding gate to the cold hard steel of that dynamite jet with a red stripe painted right up its side. I'd been checking out maps of America to plan my trip, and I'd drawn one long red line from New York City to Los Angeles with a ruler and a felt-tip pen. Straight as the crow flies, I said to myself, and that's the way it would be.

All the other passengers were boarding the plane, carrying light sensible luggage, wearing all kinds of hats, holding little children by the hand, just like passengers boarding a plane in any airport anywhere. I was wearing my new gray flannel suit and sporting my Thom McAn black loafers, holding my briefcase in one hand and giving the stewardess my colorful ticket envelope and

boarding pass with the other; she took only the stub from my boarding pass, reading the seat number and directing me up the aisle and to my right.

I made it down the smooth aisle and found my seat situated between two men; a quick "Excuse me" and the first gentleman on the aisle, a gray, nondescript fellow, moved his feet to the side to let me through. I was in my seat, and I quickly put my briefcase under the seat in front of mine and it fit like a glove. At last I could rest my tired soul a little, and I slipped my happy ticket envelope into my inside coat pocket and sat back; but one of the biggest troubles with being seated between two people on an airplane is feeling obligated to start up a conversation, because, after all, it's a five-hour flight, and you want to be on good terms with your traveling companions; I looked over to the fellow on the aisle, but he seemed quite annoyed at all the people still taking their seats, so I turned to the fellow in the window seat

and introduced myself.

"Where you from?" I asked. And he turned to me, and said, "Jersey," and told me his name was Jim. He was a tall, slim fellow committed to his work on Wall Street, where he commuted to every day, a thirty-five year old in a pin-striped blue suit, who turned to look out the window as the plane suddenly jerked and began to taxi back out onto the runway. All the men outside were wearing crazy yellow hard hats and waving bright yellow flashlights in their hands, though it wasn't yet dusk, and I felt a thrill rush up my spine as we taxied down the glorious black runway, and then Jersey Jim turned to me and said, "Where you headed?"

"L.A.," I answered.

Jersey Jim spoke softly, explaining that he too was flying to L.A. but that he was actually going to Anaheim; he planned on renting a car, he told me, and driving for twenty minutes to the hotel where he would be attending a starched-shirt, coffee-and-clipboard business convention. I could just picture him amidst the wild, bounding madness, talking of finance and money, lounging by the pool with gin and tonics, flow charts, platters of hors d'oeuvres, and then zooming back to L.A. International in that rented car, and *Wa-hee!* But then our conversation was cut short by the stewardess, who had interrupted with a terrific demonstration of the life preservers and oxygen mask, and I reached down to my sides and found the silky straps of my seat belt and buckled the metal latches with a *pop!* I was half listening to the stewardess, who by this time was pointing to the emergency exits with great enthusiasm, and now I had found the emergency instruction card in the back pocket of the seat in front of mine; then I checked to make sure I had everything I was supposed to be given; sure enough, the airsickness bag, *Inflight* magazine, music selection card, and headphones were all there, and just as I was putting them all back in the elastic pocket, the stewardess rushed by and told us excitedly to make sure our seats were in the upright position; and before I knew what was happening, the plane began to tremor, the engines were roaring, they got louder and louder, the sounds rushed through my ready ears. We were dancing down the the runway like a sizzling screaming bottle rocket, with a burst of sudden energy, power, drive, and thrust. I looked out the window past Jersey Jim and we were speeding, screaming, sweeping past fences and markings; the dotted yellow stripe along the side of the runway had become one

continued

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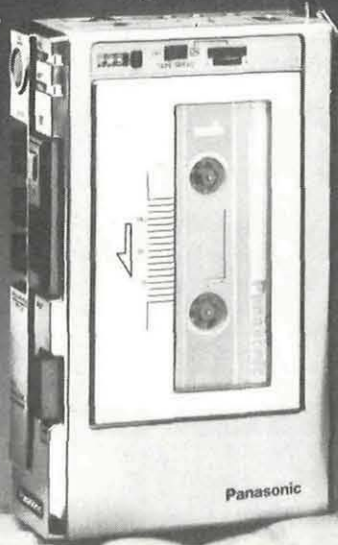
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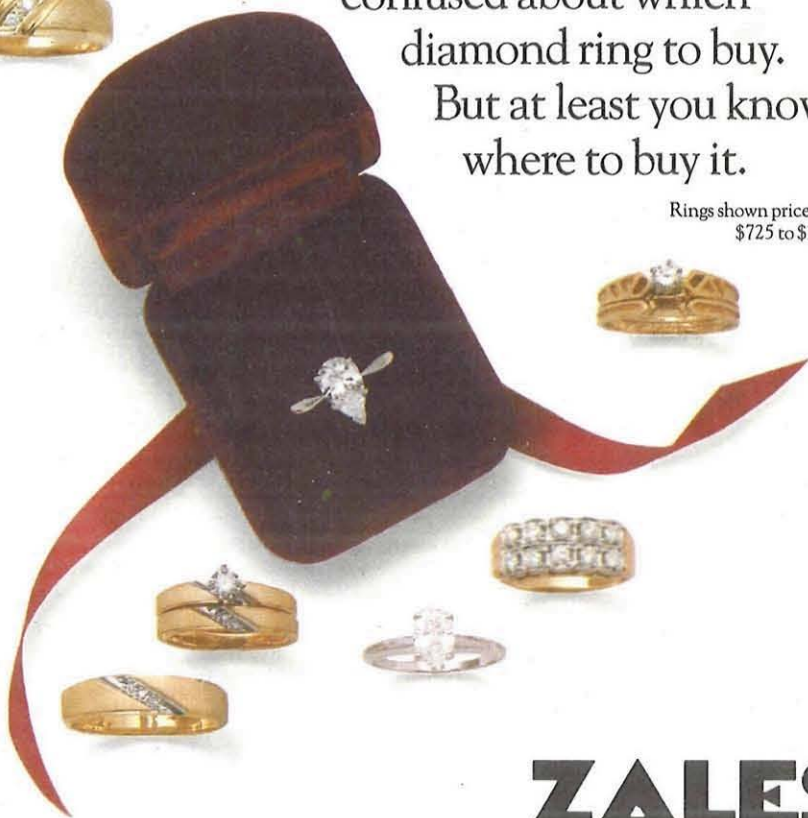
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with**

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ROAD REVISITED

continued

solid yellow line; the front of the plane tilted heavenward; I could see the yellow line disappear under the giant mass of the metal of the plane.

"Who-ee, we're off!" I yelled inside, and the turbines were still roaring and pounding and belting, and we were airborne. "Yowza!" I screamed to myself. "Hot damn!" We were blazing, soaring, and the sleepy white clouds were like marshmallows after you've pulled them and stretched them and thrown them up until they stick to the ceiling.

We were roaring through the skies. The pilot came on over the speakers and, in the most fatherly and genteel voice you could ever wish to hear, welcomed us aboard the flight. He said we'd be flying at an altitude of thirty-three thousand feet and that the temperature in Los Angeles was seventy-eight and that we'd be arriving at 10:20, California time. "Who-ee!" My nondescript buddy on the aisle seat started setting his watch back three hours, and then he clicked the gauge and looked down again at his wrist, sat his elbow on the armrest, and held his head up in his hand with just two fingers squeezing the bridge of his nose. He was all irritation. I was just taking it all in, sensing everything. I was afraid of disturbing him from his Buddhist trance, so I just left him alone. Jersey Jim was wearing the headphone set he had found in the seat pocket in front of him, so I decided to do the same. The headphone set was more like a doctor's stethoscope, except the gray rubber tubing hooked into a small socket in the arm of your seat; there was a small dial with numbers on it that let you select the channels with a flick of your thumb. I flipped through all the channels until I found some dynamite Easy Listening, and the excitement of the music howled with the energy of life. It was the living end! The vocalist, John Denver, strummed a rippling sweet number with an ecstatic mellow beat; the music never really picked up, but the lyrics rolled out from the hills like the Rocky Mountains he was singing about; he was so cool and commercial, I listened in awe, tapping at the arm of my seat with the palm of my hand, bopping my head to the hazy rhythm, feeling the beat in my veins, flowing with the harmonies, soaking up the madness and screaming to myself, "Go, man, go!" I was into it, swaying, watching the soft dusk turn to purple darkness and thinking yes, yes, yes, this is what a Rocky Mountain high

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NEWS ON THE MARCH

PLANET

Murder in the Gulf

Who's killing all the great leaders of Iran?

As the year draws to a close and Iran mourns the assassination of what remained of its parliament, cabinet, civil service, judiciary, and diplomatic corps, outraged headlines of "Killer on

lowing seven persons:

SUSPECT 1—Grimsley Sothwhiteringsly, fifty-nine, a butler. According to the U.S. report, Sothwhiteringsly had access to an antique gun located over a bookshelf in

SUSPECT 4—Rothman Standers, thirty-seven, family friend, threatened to poison the Iranian government to death with arsenic if the Brentwoods refused to join him in a game of racquets.

to meet his demands.

SUSPECT 6—Lavinthia Brentwood, sixty-two, arthritic maiden aunt who believes she was cheated out of her share of the family fortune. She will stop at nothing, even locking the Islamic leadership of Iran in a freezer, until the estate is redistributed.

SUSPECT 7—Bernard Standers, twelve, lunatic bastard son of Rothman, sealed in a basement chamber, obsessed with escape and de-



Suspect 1



Suspect 2



Suspect 3



Suspect 4



Suspect 5



Suspect 6



Suspect 7

the Loose" and "Enough Is Enough" scream across Persian newspapers, and shaken citizens begin to wonder if there is any hope for the future of their Islamic republic. Owing to the efforts of concerned nations like the United States, however, a breakthrough has been announced that may lead to a speedy resolution of the crisis. "First, we analyzed thousands of bits of evidence on our computer," explained an official at the National Crime Laboratory, in Washington, D.C., "which gave us a profile of the murders and ultimately a list of possible suspects." The list, hastily dispatched to Ayatollah Khomeini, is believed to recommend that his investigation focus on the fol-

Cornwall and secretly vowed to avenge the impertinences of his churlish employer by bringing down the Islamic revolution in Iran.

SUSPECT 2—Holcomb Y. Brentwood III, forty-one, wastrel son of Renlow Brentwood, a wealthy and domineering industrialist whom Holcomb despises. Holcomb was last seen wielding a heavy candlestick and is believed to have blamed the Islamic government of Iran for the rift between him and his father.

SUSPECT 3—Chaloisse Poivreaux, twenty-three, chambermaid, said in the U.S. report to be pregnant by her employer and willing to assassinate the leaders of Iran to hide her shame. She is known to have kept a knife in her room.

SUSPECT 5—Anzio DeMessina, thirty-one, chauffeur, intimate of the chambermaid, blackmailing Renlow Brentwood for his indiscretion with her. Evidence purportedly indicates that DeMessina claimed he would push the Iranian government out a window if Brentwood failed

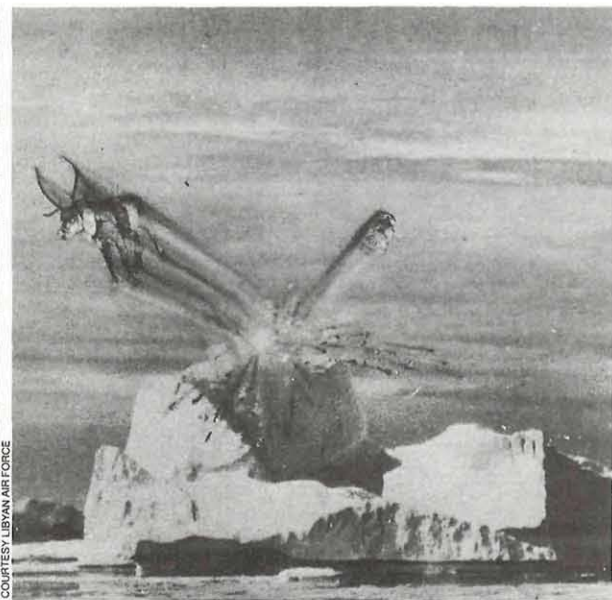
stabilization of the Islamic regime in Iran. He has the strength of ten men, can snap the head off a wolfhound with his bare hands.

No comment has been received as yet from Tehran; however, sources state that Ayatollah Khomeini will investigate "all leads."

Jets Shoot Down Santa Claus in Dogfight over Pole

In yet another incident stemming from controversial territorial claims made by the government of Libya, Euro-American Christmas figure Santa Claus was attacked by Libyan fighters and plunged into ice floes near the North Pole—a region Libya describes

as "well within [its] territorial waters." Santa Claus's sleigh and all of his reindeer were blown apart by Soviet air-to-air missiles, showering an area of twenty-five square miles with thousands of toys, antlers, and bits of evergreen and fur. Expounding for two



Santa Claus and his sleigh were destroyed instantly.

and a half hours on Libyan radio and television, President Muammar Qaddafi hailed the strike as a great victory over the "ruthless and unprovoked aggression [of the] trespassing fat raider."

"Apart from his invasion of our air space," Qaddafi charged, "Santa Claus launched fifty, no, three hundred ballistic missiles at our planes, and then, then he rammed them, a lot, repeatedly, again and again with his sleigh, and bombarded our pilots with radiation and, and lasers, and cursed us as black dogs over the radio, and then we had no choice but to ambush him in defense, in case

he might conceivably do those things." Qaddafi went on to wish all of the children



Libya's disputed territorial waters.

on earth a bleak, toyless Christmas, and then thrust a pair of "fingers" at the camera, pumping them up and down, laughing cruelly.

DOMESTICANA

Fruit Flies, Fruit Flies, Fruit Flies!

The Mediterranean fruit fly, a short time ago thought by health officials to be contained in California's Santa Clara Valley, has apparently spread to San Francisco, where Med-fly larvae were discovered in two male dancers at the Trocadero Transfer Disco in San Francisco's Mission District.

"It's just awful," said one of

the infested dancers. "There were these big welts on my arms, and do you know, they were fruit flies!" At city hall, while mayor Feinstein says that she has no plans to begin aerial spraying of the city's gay population, there is mounting pressure from city-council members to do something before skin tones and vanities are permanently damaged.

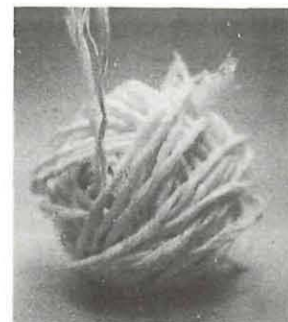
SCIENCEOLOGY

Physicists Find Universe Not Well Made

After centuries of effort, beginning with the ancient Greeks, physicists have finally uncovered the fundamental building block of the universe, and, according to head researcher Gary Delbert of Princeton University, "it appears that the universe is very poorly put together. It's more reminiscent of the kind of merchandise that used to come from postwar Japan, instead of, for example, a Mercedes-Benz, or a Norelco razor. We're all very disappointed."

The findings are based on results from the intersecting storage rings at CERN, a huge piece of equipment in which ordinary matter (in the form of electrons) and antimatter (positrons) are collided at high energies to tear them apart and so reveal the ultimate components of the universe. Delbert describes these components as "threads"—

tiny, stringlike particles that, according to him, are very badly woven together. "Why," says he, "I've seen better qual-



Computer printout shows cheap, badly woven threads making up basic particles of matter.

ity in a \$7.98 polyester sport shirt from Korea. It's no wonder things are always coming apart in our world—earthquakes, tornadoes, cancer, mental illness. We've got to face the fact that we're all made out of shoddy material!"

LITEREMIA

Secrets of the Orient Revealed

Theory Z to USA: Wake up!

THEORY Z

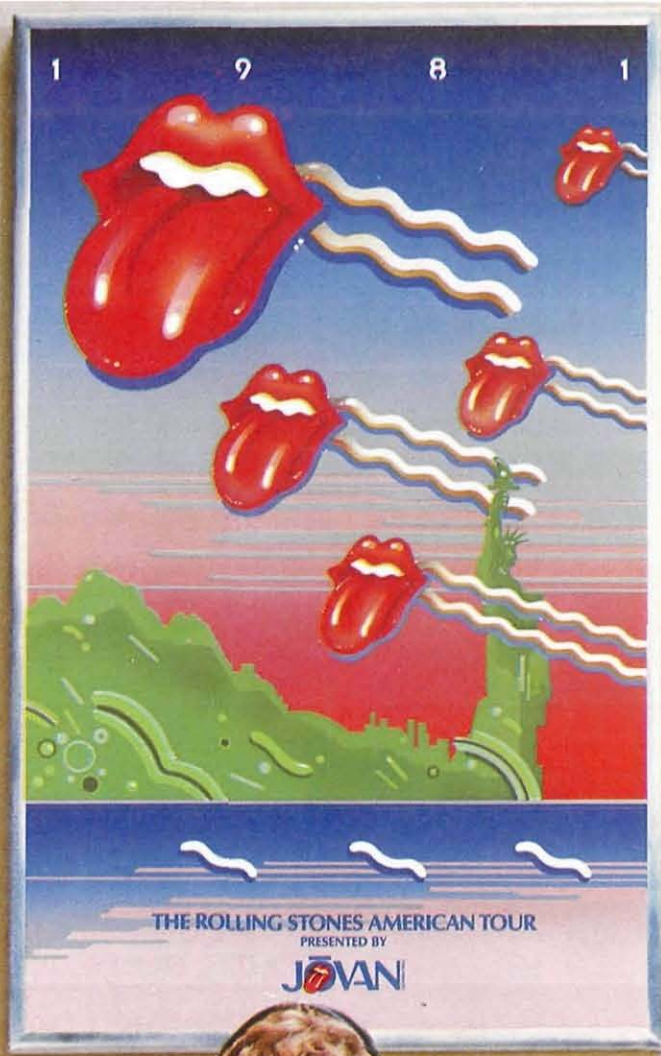
by William Ouchi

Addison-Wesley; 283 pp.; \$12.95

Can American business "meet the Japanese challenge"? That's the question addressed by this best-selling analysis of the Japanese way of corporate life, by a professor in the Graduate School of Management at UCLA. Ouchi's conclusions have already rocked the boardrooms and factories of the *Fortune* 500 and their poor cousins, and no wonder. Look at the conclusions and proposals

Ouchi derives from his analysis of the extremely successful Japanese way of making and moving the merch:

1) *Workers are human beings.* Already hotly denied by every management and production expert worthy of his American Express Gold Card, this revolutionary concept flies in the face of modern industrial theory, which holds—in a death grip—that workers, like the ball bearings they humorously toss into the door frames of Chevy Citations moving down the assembly line, are *elements of production*, and must be



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treated as such, i.e., stored properly, not allowed to rust, and replaced when worn out.

2. *Cooperation generates harmony, which yields increased productivity.* All true Americans (Ouchi is—never mind the fancy-schmancy Stanford MBA—of Japanese ancestry) know that “Cooperation is to Competition as a mincing, effeminate faggot-queen is to a robust, virile manly man” (Adam Smith, *The Wealth of Nations*) and that “Competition hates Cooperation’s guts, and one day is going to kill it” (Alexander Haig, *President’s*

Letter to the Shareholders, United Technologies Corp).

3. *Long-term economic health is preferable to short-term profits.* This tenet proved literally incomprehensible to most American businessmen who read it. Thus, Bunker Hunt: “Huh? What?”

And, thus, *Theory Z*: a cautious, respectful outline of why your stereo, car, and camera are turning Japanese. But will these lessons be learned in time for them to make a difference here in the land of Malcolm Forbes and Jesse Helms? Not bruddy rikery.

MORE DOMESTICANA

Sorry, Wrong Number

President Reagan picked up his red-phone hot line to Moscow last month intending to ask Premier Brezhnev for a new SALT treaty, and for some caviar-flavored jelly beans. The slow and

twangy answer Reagan received over the red phone, however, sounded oddly unlike Brezhnev: “Dang, man, ain’t no jelly beans ever’s good as Ma’s possum pie.” When Reagan described the in-

cident to his staff, White House technicians soon discovered that the red phone to Moscow has in fact been miswired for the past seventeen years. In 1964, a disgruntled CIA agent, demoted to wire surveillance after the Bay of Pigs invasion, hooked the hot line up to a telephone in rural Iowa owned by farmer Lester Pickett.

Though he has spoken to five presidents, Pickett seems quite blasé about the whole thing: “Hell, Jerry Ford couldn’t tell the difference ‘tween me and Brezhnev. He’d phone me, forget what he had to say, and then leave the receiver on top of the TV. And Carter thought I was just his brother Billy, callin’ to say I’d fucked up again.”

But the American presidents’ problems seem minute when compared to the Krem-

lin’s: The same CIA agent is also believed to have routed Brezhnev’s hot line to Dial-a-Joke. In the following exchange, taped in early 1968, Soviet president Kosygin mistakes a rising young comedian for the president of the United States:

KOSYGIN: Hello. I am talking to President Johnson?

U.S.: This here is Ray J. Johnson.

KOSYGIN: Oh, so your first name is Ray. I must have been misinformed. May I call you Mr. President?

U.S.: Well, you can call me Ray, or you can call me Jay...

KOSYGIN: Please to stop talking. I will call you Johnson.

U.S.: ...but you doesn’t hasta call me Johnson!

KOSYGIN: This behavior is outrage! I will invade Czechoslovakia in revenge.

MORE SCIENCEOLOGY

Four Thousand Eyes Are Better Than None

Recent developments in entomology may one day make life easier for America’s three and a half million blind persons, or so claim insect researchers who have combined modern recombinant DNA techniques with classical Mendelian genetics to achieve an extraordinary breed of bug. “We think that our *Mallophaga Evanstonia*, or ‘seeing-eye louse,’ will be a common aid to the blind by the year 1990,” says zoologist Scott Fearon. “The seeing-eye

louse provides the blind citizen with an inexpensive and cosmetically more desirable way of going from one place to another than is afforded by the seeing-eye dog.”

The lice, Dr. Fearon explained, work in teams, one in each eyebrow. “They watch where their master is going, and guide him along a path of safety. If he is to turn right, the lice on the right bite him. If he needs to turn left, he gets a bite from the left lice. When all bite, it means stop.”

MORE PLANET

The Secret Identity of Abolhassan (“Gene”) Bani-Sadr

Television pundit Gene Shalit and ousted Iranian president Abolhassan Bani-Sadr are actually one and the

same person, according to a top-secret CIA memorandum that was made public last week.



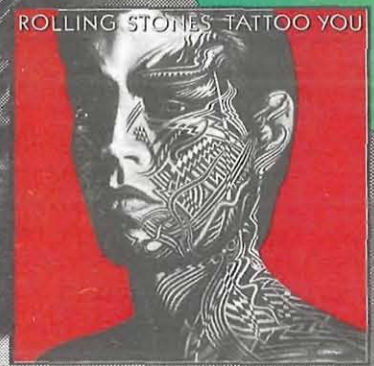
Farmer Pickett uses his presidential hot line to lobby for higher corn parity.

UPI BOB RAKITA

THE ROLLING
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THE NEW
STUDIO ALBUM
ON ROLLING STONES
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INCLUDES THE SINGLE
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ROLLING STONES TATTOO YOU



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by today's audiophile recording techniques. Onkyo's exclusive Dual-Super-Servo system makes it possible, by allowing the power supply to perform as if it were 50-times larger. And there's more . . . LED power metering, memory to pre-set 6 AM and 6 FM stations . . . and elegant styling with a flip-down control panel.

All combine to make The Onkyo TX-4000 a tuner/amplifier you will definitely want to audition . . . and then own. Hear it now at your Onkyo dealer.

Shalit, the memorandum claims, began his rise as a prominent TV critic and game-show personality at about the same time Bani-Sadr fled Iran during the reign of the late shah and mysteriously dropped from the public view. The fourteen years Bani-Sadr supposedly spent in exile and obscurity in Paris correspond exactly to a period of high visibility for Shalit, during which time he established his career and became a major celebrity through his appearances on such television programs as the "Today" show and "Match Game."

In addition to the circumstantial evidence, the document cites several unusual personality traits that are shared by the two men: Shalit/Bani-Sadr has often expressed his desire to be the president of a rich, oil-producing Mideast nation, while Bani-Sadr/Shalit has made it clear on several occasions that he would like to review Hollywood movies on a major American television network. Furthermore, both men have a predilection for goat cheese and curds; they drink Diet Seven-Up and comb their hair with a pitchfork.

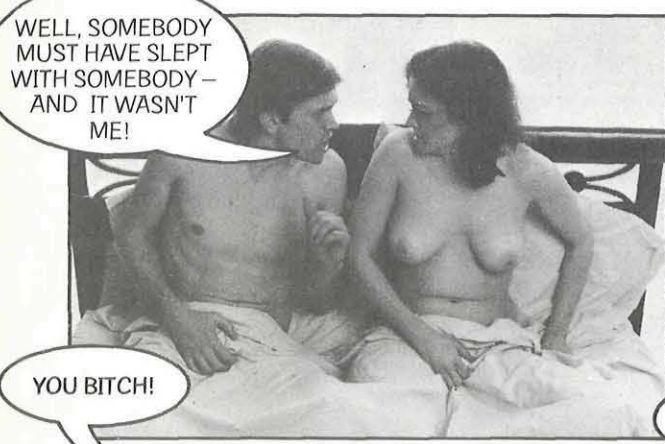
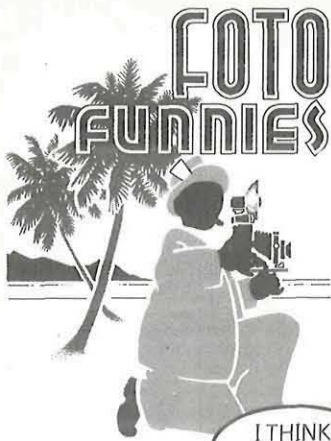
No one is certain what effects, if any, the CIA revelation will have on Iranian politics or the TV-movie-critic industry. A CIA spokesman would comment only by saying that the agency was currently investigating the possibility that Ayatollah Khomeini is actually comedian Foster Brooks, and that British prime minister Margaret Thatcher is in reality the same person as a dirty, filthy sponge mop in Buckingham Palace's main utility closet.

Edited by Tod Carroll. Contributions by T.C., Al Jean, Ellis Weiner, Ed Subitzky, Richard Rosomoff, and Mike Wilkins.

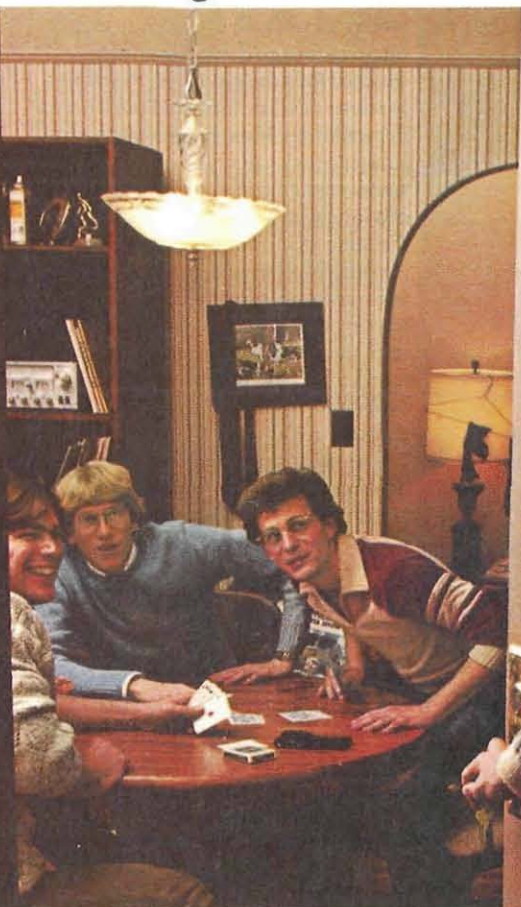


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Jack Daniels*

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your own place.
Now you have to tell your roommates.**



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Your roommates weren't very happy about it. But after a little persuading they decided the double feature at the Bijou might be worth seeing.

They're pretty special friends. And they deserve a special "Thanks!" So, tonight, let it be Löwenbräu.



Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.

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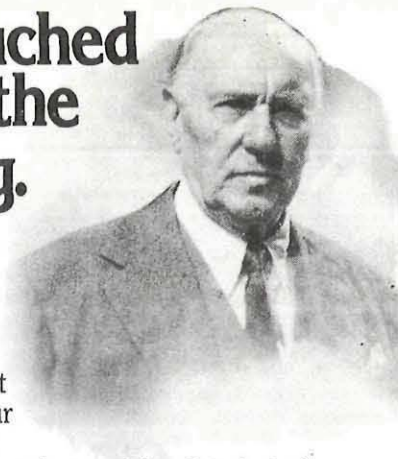
Actual, unretouched photograph of the Supreme Being.

It can now be yours to keep! Along with hundreds of other color and black-and-white photographs, bad drawings, and many, many words. The illustrated, unexpurgated movie script of *TIME BANDITS* has come to your bookstore. It contains numerous

extras, including a glossary of inside movieland technical terms such as P.B.T.R.N.T. (Pull Back to Reveal No Trousers.) Also featuring many off-

guard, off-camera shots: Katherine Helmond trying on her head; Michael Palin and Shelly Duvall forgetting their lines; John and Cynthia Cleese meeting one of the backers; Agamemnon and Clytemnestra discussing single sex schooling; more! It's better than the movie—

and it costs twice as much! \$9.95—a giant Dolphin paperback.



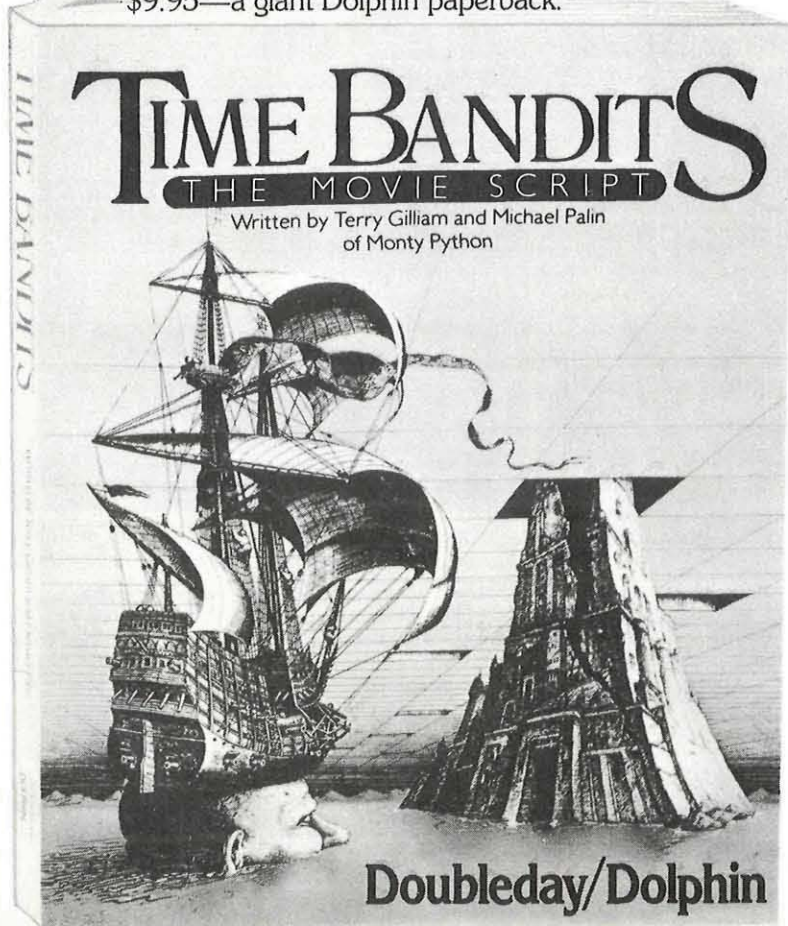
HOW DOES IT WORK?

continued from page 16

ancient Greeks spoke of a substance that the gods possessed that could be eaten but never digested. Much like the alchemists who sought a formula for converting metals such as platinum and titanium into gold, food scientists searched for a foodstuff that would not break up in saliva and could not be readily swallowed. Military men saw such a substance as a valuable asset to warfare—troops could be offered food at the start of a campaign and return still chewing the same food, months, even years later. An outcry by farmers, food processors, and merchants took the steam out of the search for many, many years. It wasn't until the mid 1600s that a substance was found that could be chewed and not swallowed. It was the rubbery fruit of the gum tree.

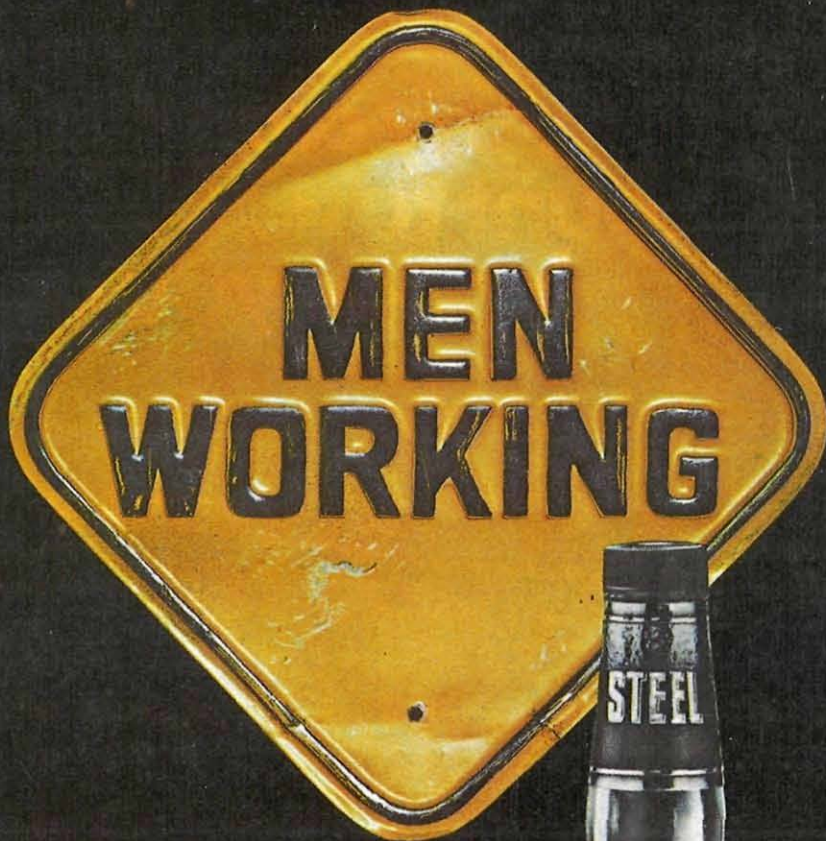
The small round fruits were first sold in London in 1690 for a penny, primarily as a novelty. The fruits provided no nourishment and tasted, as one wag put it, "like the dung of an ass." But people enjoyed eating without swallowing, and the fruits sold well. An enterprising Swede was the first to add flavor to the fruits. By steeping the fruits in beef, he was able to give them a momentary taste of meat. Later, a Swiss pounded the fruits into long rods and rolled sugar into them. The rods were then flattened into strips and wrapped in paper, the shape we now associate with modern chewing gum. Alexander Chicle, an American pharmacist, coated small blocks of gum with candy and called them Blocklets. Commander William Wrigley, a U.S. Navy officer during the Spanish American War, developed a fondness for chewing gum on the long sea patrols. He decided that when he left the service he would sell gum, five sticks to a package, in mint flavors, and use the proceeds to buy a baseball club. He founded the Wrigley Chewing Gum Company, which is today the worldwide leader in chewing-gum sales, still marketing the same gum William Wrigley made years and years ago, although an act of Congress in 1973 required that seven sticks of gum be sold in a single package.

But how does gum work? Why doesn't it break up in the saliva and why is it so hard to swallow? Gum contains a substance that paralyzes the nerves that automatically send food down the esophagus when it has been chewed three to five times. That is why when you were caught chewing gum in school, it took so long and required so much effort to swallow the gum. As for why it doesn't break

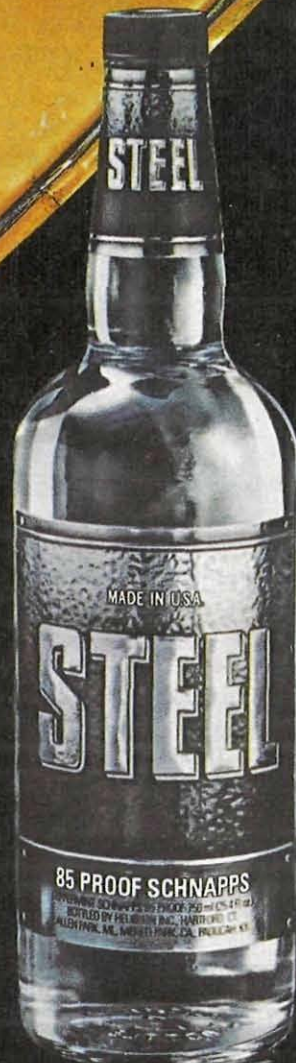


down in saliva, as does, say, white bread, these same nerves that control the swallowing action also dish out the enzymes that react with the chemistry of food substances. Since the gum will not be swallowed, the wonderful natural economy of the body cuts off the flow of enzymes. You may have noticed that if you eat something while chewing the gum, it does break down, especially with cookies.

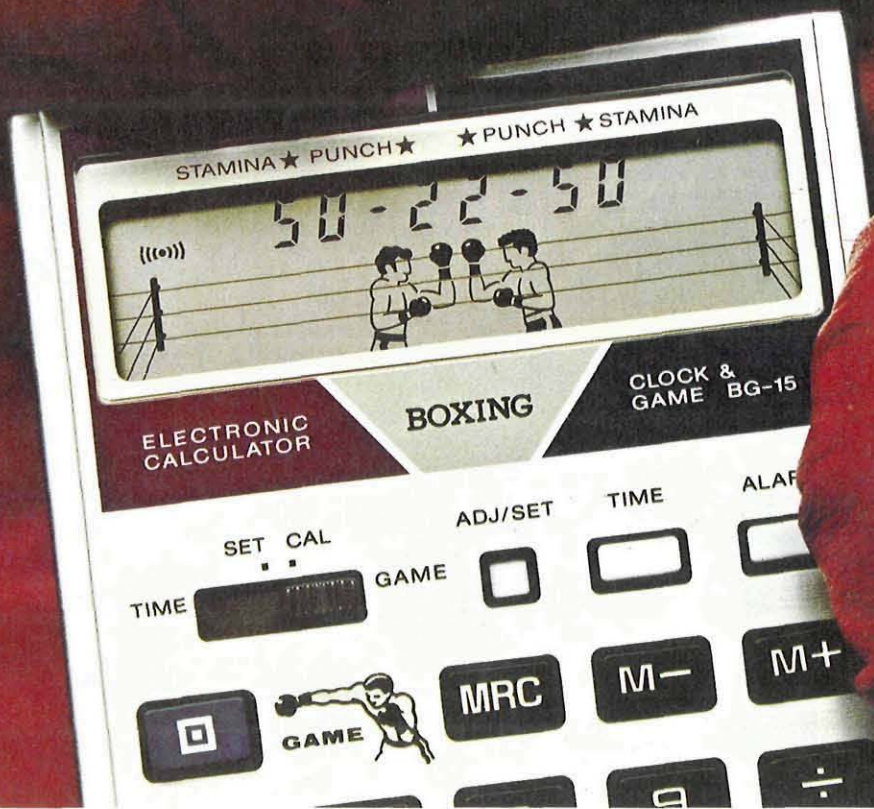
Wet Dreams: Also called a "nocturnal emission," or "involuntary masturbation," the wet dream is a phenomenon limited to human males. A breed of dog much like the modern Great Dane in size and temperament once ejaculated in its sleep but is no longer bred and has disappeared. There are no other creatures that enjoy this affliction. It was once thought that erotic dreams caused wet dreams, but that theory was dispelled by the lack of involuntary emissions during daydreams and erotic musings. Recent observations of men during slumber revealed that what occurs is actual manual stimulation. An erotic dream will stimulate the male, produce an erection, and trigger a mechanism in the brain that will animate the hand and arm. Unbeknownst to the male, the hand will seek out the gland, grasp it, and arouse it to climax. In an action much like sleepwalking, the soiled pajamas or nightclothes will be removed unconsciously and the person will seek a dry portion of the bed. This phenomenon occurs mainly in young men and unmarried young adults. However, the process does not end entirely with maturity or marriage. Instead, through the wonders of the brain, the unconscious individual miraculously perceives the presence of another person in the bed, perhaps through the detection of body heat or scent, and instead of masturbating performs what is called "sleep bopping." Intercourse is performed without the individual's being aware of it. The female body in perfect harmony with the male body in this regard reacts by shutting down the nerve centers in the lower regions of the body. Sexual intercourse can thus be achieved in the sleeping female without her ever knowing. Statistics that suggest that the rate of intercourse between couples declines after marriage do not take into account this mysterious and marvelous lovemaking. Single women who sleep alone do not, of course, experience any sort of emission but will, when aroused by dreams, unconsciously straighten their hair and cover their genitals with their hands. □



Steel has a clean, polished peppermint taste. Smoother and less syrupy than you'd expect from a shot of schnapps. So after a hard day's work, pour yourself some Steel. The 85 Proof Schnapps.



Any calculator can count to ten. This one can knock you out first.



The Contender. From Casio.

The Contender is a full-function memory calculator with a built-in clock and alarm, all featuring Casio design and accuracy. But what really gives it its wallop is a boxing game that will put you to the test.

You control your fighter's every move. You make him jab, hook, and throw combinations. And you'd better keep him away from The Contender's lethal punches. Because if he tags your man with a good one, your man falls to the

canvas, and The Contender raises his arm in victory.

Each time you land a blow, The Contender memorizes it and forces you to try another strategy. He won't fall for the same sucker punch twice.

The Contender gives you 8 rounds to knock him out, and you can rack up points in up to 99 fights. The highest score is recorded and held in the memory until another fearless fisticuffer can beat it.

You won't win a million

dollar purse for knocking out The Contender. But, then again, this amazingly sophisticated calculator sells for an amazingly low price. So put up your dukes, and may the best man (or machine) win.



CASIO®

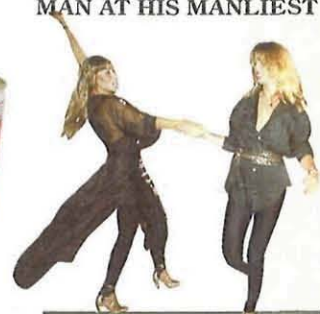
Where miracles never cease

Okies Are Back to Bore Us! The Gay Nineties Are Coming!

Esquire

DECEMBER 1981 · PRICE \$2.00

MAN AT HIS MANLIEST



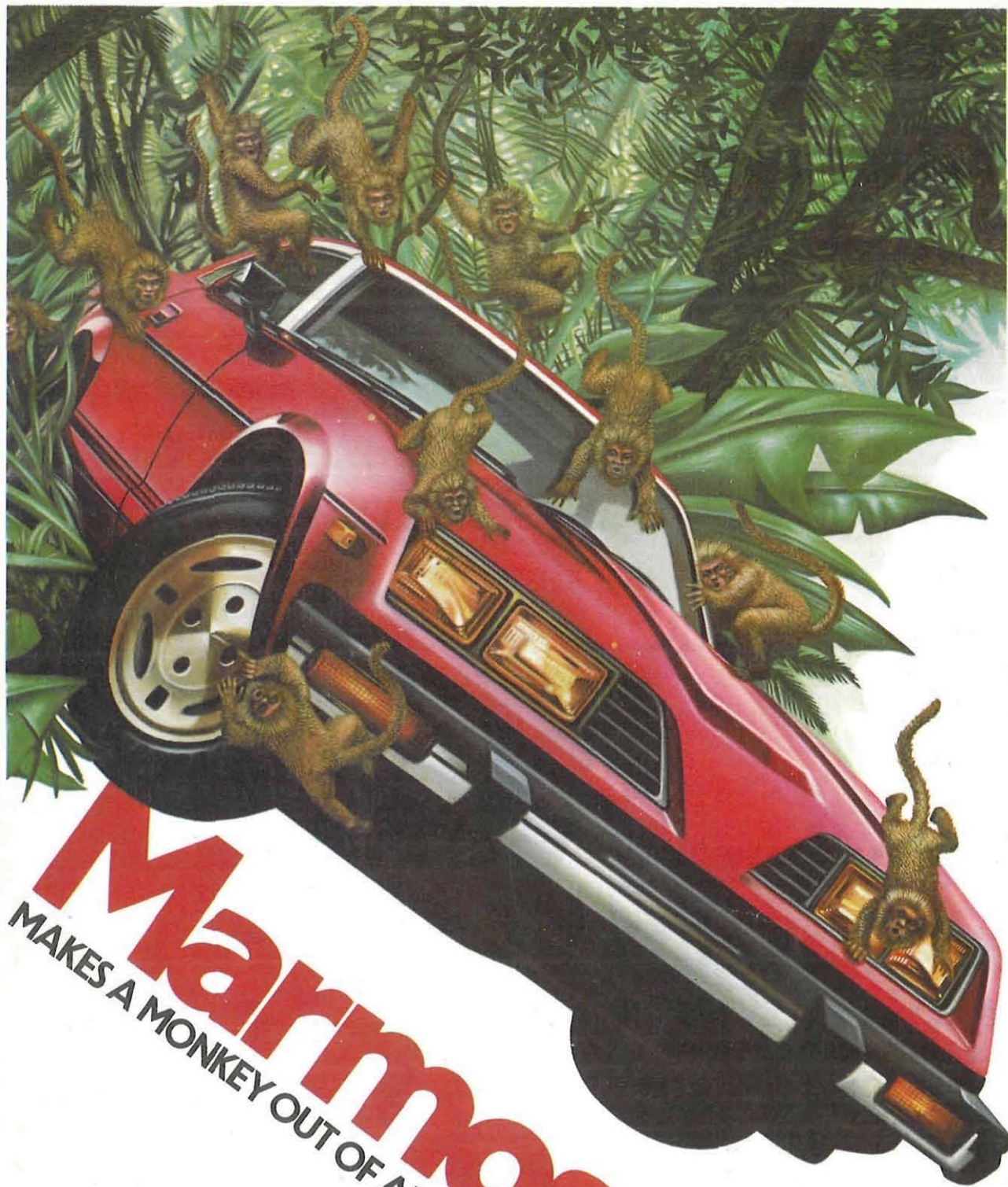
If you're screwed up about how to survive, you should be, because...

**Everything
You Thought
Was In and
Then Out Is
So Far Out
It's In Again!**



PHOTOGRAPHS • RONALD G. HARRIS (5); LAUR. LEVINE, FPG, MOVIE STILL ARCHIVES, UPI, GLOBE, WIDE WORLD; CB RADIO PHOTO COURTESY OF RADIO SHACK, A DIVISION OF TANDY CORP.

Out of the Amazon, World's Mightiest River, Comes...



Marmoset!

MAKES A MONKEY OUT OF ANYTHING IN ITS CLASS!



53 EST. MPG CITY 80 EST. HWY.

The SECOND-OLDEST PROFESSION Comes of Age

by JEFFERSON SPRINGBOK

Before you flush your money down the toilet investing in precious metals or real estate, you'd better save a little for the only surefire, really hip investment left in this bloated, glutted, inflated world of high finance.

GOLD IS BEING SOLD IN SUNDAY drive-in flea markets and hoarded by people living below the federal poverty standard, and silver is fast approaching a price level where it soon may be used as aggregate in highway construction. Strategic metals that rose briefly from the obscurity of world-atlas symbology have returned to that obscurity. The stock market is doing little more than irritating the anuses of those fool enough to bother with it. Real estate is about as attractive as a bunch of office buildings. The investment arena has gone sour. No pizzazz, no decent return on investment. And certainly no points to be gained in bars and on the cocktail circuit. Before you can open your mouth to boast about the 17 percent you're earning, a second-grade schoolteacher will preempt you by talking about the 17 percent her money market is paying on the money she's saving for a hide-a-bed. The investor who follows the traditional investment strategies will always be a follower.

So what's left? Objects with intrinsic value, things people need and want. And what do people want more than women and sex!



PHOTOGRAPHS • DAN NELKEN

Investing in Flesh

SEX, OR, TO USE THE STREET TERM, "PUSSY," SELLS IN every part of the world, in every culture. It's universal. It's always in demand. The price has always been high and is always going up. It has been proven time and time again that a man will spend his last dollar on pussy if it is presented to him. It is a powerful product not subject to the whims of economic conditions.

Sex, or pussy, has a tremendous repurchase factor. Under ideal conditions the same pussy can be sold twenty to twenty-five times in an eight-hour period. The marketplace regenerates itself in twenty-four to thirty-six hours. In other words, the demand is constant and the commodity is renewable. In times of depression and recession, as well as in times of growth and prosperity, pussy is always at a premium. Perhaps no other commodity is so free of outside influences.

In addition to a traditionally strong market for pussy there is room for massive growth. A relaxation, however slight, of the taboo on purchased sex would cause a quadrupling of demand. It is estimated that if every adult male in America bought sex just once a week, it would generate nearly 7 billion gross dollars per week. The net on \$7 billion of pussy money is about \$6.4 billion—an extraordinary rate of return on equity. Take a look at a breakdown on a single transaction:

A \$75 Blowjob

Man-hours Expended: .257

Material Expenditures:

TOOTHPASTE, MOUTHWASH	\$00.08
FACIAL TISSUE	\$00.01
CHEWING GUM	\$00.05

Fixed costs:

PERCENTAGE OF DEPRECIATION ON PHYSICAL PLANT ...	\$01.31
PERCENTAGE OF DAILY START-UP COSTS	\$00.73
PERCENTAGE OF DAILY UPKEEP	\$02.90
PERCENTAGE OF TRANSPORTATION COSTS	\$00.60
DENTAL INSURANCE	\$00.15
PERCENTAGE OF MEDICAL MAINTENANCE	\$00.85
LEGAL COSTS	\$01.32

Total Capital Expenditure \$08.00

Net Profit \$67.00

In percentage of sales, oral sex accounts for nearly seven out of ten transactions. This is the least expensive and most rapid sexual service offered. The turnover is fantastic. It causes the least wear on the equipment and, at an average time expenditure of twelve minutes, is the most cost efficient of all sexual services. The high end of the market produces net revenues per service far in excess of those generated by the simple blowjob, but those revenues against the time input put the figure into a proper balance.

Let's look at the basic equipment. A human female.

Sex for sale is labor intensive. You are selling your employee, literally. Or, more accurately, leasing her. The average working life of a whore is approximately ten years. Beginning at age eighteen and continuing into the late twenties, the working life of the whore is infinitely adaptable. That is to say, she can generate revenue in a variety of service areas throughout her career, so that revenues need not drop off as the equipment ages. The value of most business equipment declines over a period of time. But a whore can be switched from high-end, high-glamour services to the more utilitarian functions that bring a lower unit cost but a much higher volume, i.e., intercourse versus oral sex/manual sex.

The productive life of an individual whore is shown below.

AGE 18

Highest-Yield Services

FOR THE FIRST THREE QUARTERS OF THIS WORK YEAR a novice prostitute can be marketed as "virginal"—that is the highest grading a lady of the night can garner. And with that rating goes an automatic surcharge; a price can be set at whatever the market will bear. If she is of good to excellent physical appearance, it is not unlikely that a fee of up to \$1,000 per engagement can be sought and secured. In the good-to-fair range, \$750 is not unreasonable. The fair to poor will still go for in the neighborhood of \$500 (for the virgin label and the age factor), and even a poor grade will net a couple of hundred dollars. These figures will hold up, as mentioned, for a good three quarters if caution is exercised and routine maintenance is strictly enforced. In this initial stage you are marketing a high-ticket item on a generally high volume for maximum profit. Additionally, other services, viz., oral/manual services, will command a premium price as well. It is a good strategy to mix up the services and make those three quarters hold their high yield. It is not unlikely that a fresh whore can

Age 18



Age 19-24



exceed three quarters with the virginal grading, but for purposes of long-term earnings projections three quarters is a good base.

AGE 19–24 *Highest-Yield Services*

AT THIS STAGE IN THE LIFE OF A PRODUCING PROSTITUTE she is at her maximum earning and production rate. She will be fully trained and will not need the supervision a novice would need. Her prices will not be as high, but her volume will make up for the lower price structure. Because of her still young age and what is presumed to be sound physical condition, she can work the high-profit territories—hotels, convention centers, quality clubs and restaurants—where a high price can be maintained and wear and tear on the physical plant is at its lowest. In an eight-hour shift she can generate from \$3,000 to \$5,000 in revenue. Deducting salary and benefits of from \$250 to \$400 will net out for the investor from between \$2,500 and \$3,600 per day, less standard costs of doing business. A forty-eight-week year can be expected from an employee in this category, with four weeks off. Those four weeks can be scheduled as out-of-town travel with clients, who will pay for the service and cover travel expenses; so, in effect, a full fifty-two-week earning year is possible.

AGE 25–30 *Highest-Yield Services*

THIS STAGE IS CHARACTERIZED AS THE “WORKHORSE” stage of the whore’s working life. Her appearance and charm have dwindled, but not so her earning power. It means more hours and more labor, but not necessarily less income. She will no longer be a marketable quantity to the high end of the market. Price per “lay” may drop to as low as \$35, but an enterprising whore will tack on “options” such as odd and unusual foreplay extras or make herself available to nonconformist experimentation, which boosts the total cost of the sale and puts her back up to a profitable level. She can be marketed exclusively for kinky sex, those acts that mainstream sexuality frowns upon but for which there is a growing hardcore market willing to pay top dollar to have their out-of-line desires satisfied. She can be hired out to parties or groups, for a large rate, with the likelihood of additional revenue from refer-

ences and tips. She should have sufficient oral and manual skills that she can bring in big, high-volume dollars. She will also work harder and longer than the younger whores. Her job by this time is a profession, and she approaches it with a good attitude and an eye on revenue.

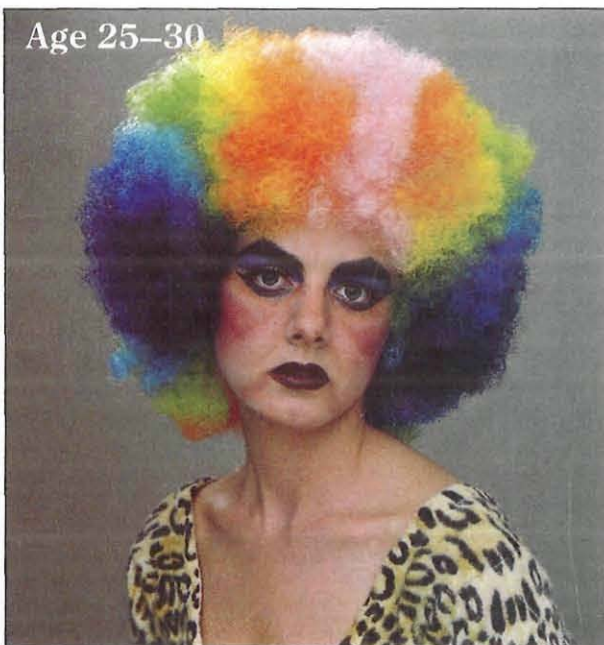
AGE 30–Upper Bracket *Highest-Yield Services*

BY THIS TIME, IF SHE IS STILL IN THE INDUSTRY, SHE IS good management property. Her knowledge of the business will aid her in its training phases, in career management, and in bookkeeping. She can be used to manage and operate sex establishments, handle product lines, and organize and operate dating and escort services. If her reputation is good and her client list is strong and loyal, she may continue to work and service the older market segment, who generally spend larger sums on a more or less regular basis. Her dollar output will fall, but her value in the total industry picture is strong.

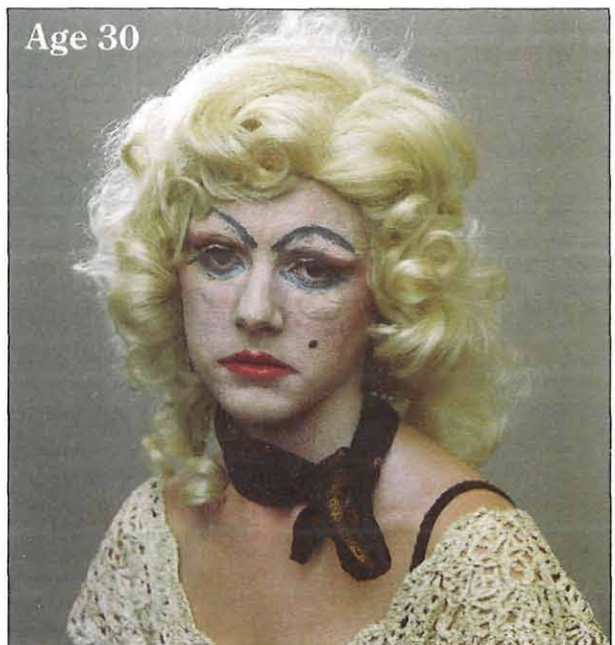
NOW THAT WE HAVE AN OVERVIEW OF THE INDUSTRY, how does the investor fit in? First, he can set up his own network of women. In doing this he needs expert advice and help in selecting and maintaining a stable of working girls. It is suggested that a placement service be employed to locate a reputable “pimp” to help in setting up the organization. Second, the investor can approach an established network or organization and participate on a money-only basis. For his capital he can receive a guarantee of profit. He should, however, see that books are audited frequently and that all business is carefully monitored to avoid employee theft and the embezzlement problems that continue to plague the industry. Last, he can invest with a sex broker in a pooled capital arrangement much like the popular money-market funds. For a minimum investment of \$1,000 the investor receives shares equal to the number of dollars invested. He is paid a monthly dividend derived from the net profits of the organization. Money can be invested or withdrawn without penalty, although there is no guarantee of the capital in the funds.

Also very popular is the single-girl operation, where one or possibly two whores are employed and funded. This saves the hassle of operating a large venture and yields a solid return with a few hours invested per week. If you are willing to spend the time and money, you can bring in handsome income for years. ●

Age 25–30



Age 30



THE QUINTET

JVC's new portable component system.

Five great performers that play perfectly together. Now you can enjoy true high fidelity both at home and on the road. With the new JVC Quintet.

As five separate components, the JVC Quintet makes beautiful music in your living room, den, office or vacation home.

But you can also carry your tunes with you — on a picnic or at the beach — by snapping these five great components into one compact portable. With optional battery pack and car/boat adapter, you don't have to worry about electricity.

And the performance? Just what you'd expect from a JVC component system.

The sensitive tuner brings in four radio bands,



including FM stereo, AM and two short-wave bands. Clean, low-distortion FM stereo reception is delivered by a PLL circuit.

The precision cassette deck plays and records any tape you choose, including the new "metal" ones. It also features JVC's exclusive Super ANRS™ system for greater dynamic punch and better fidelity in your recordings. And the powerful amplifier delivers your music to two full-range bass-reflex stereo speakers. You can even add an optional record player.

So for a musical team that — like the Harlem Globetrotters — is a winner everywhere, check out the Quintet. It's starring at your nearest JVC dealer.



JVC®

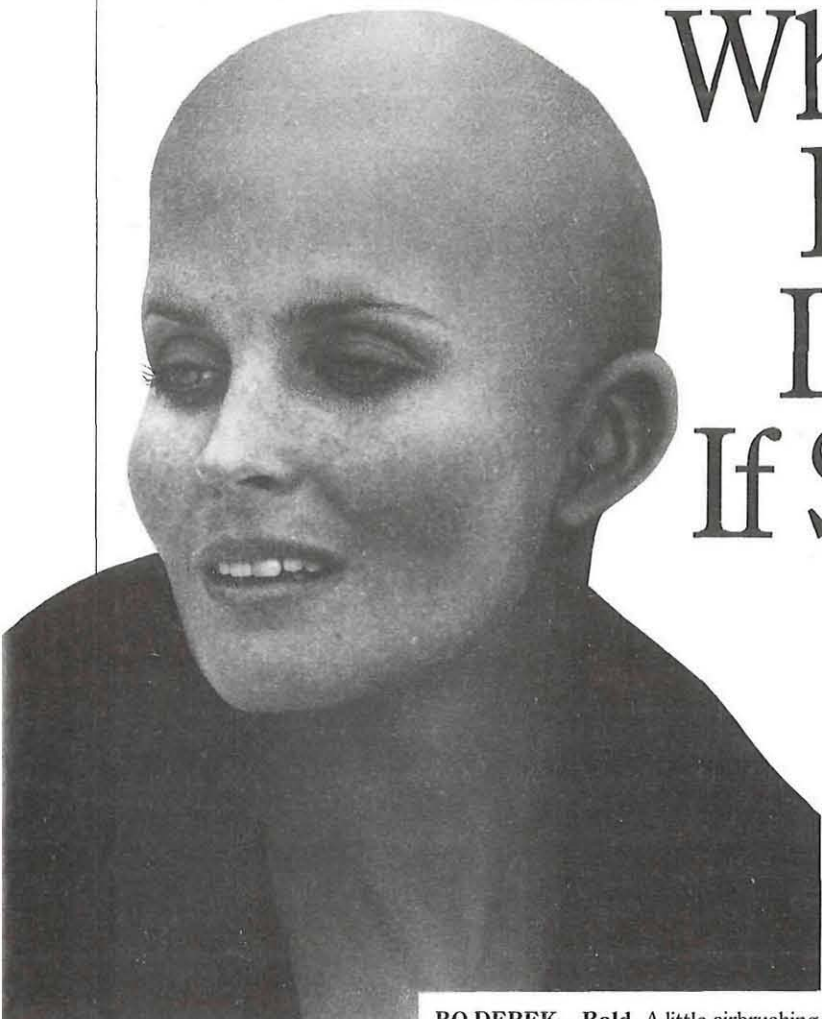
US JVC CORP

41 Slater Drive, Elmwood Park, NJ 07407

JVC CANADA INC., 31 Progress Avenue, Unit 14, Scarborough, ONT. M1P 4S6

What Would Bo Derek Look Like If She Were Bald?

BY AL JEAN



UNDERNEATH ALL THAT HAIR, BO DEREK IS COMPLETELY BALD! WE DISCOVERED THIS AMAZING FACT WHILE sitting around Esquare headquarters with an airbrush and nothing to do. Then a thought struck us: It's not funny. It could happen to you (not to us—we're hip editors). You could lose an ear, a mouth, even a nose. But don't panic. Let's see how certain celebrities would look with these physical handicaps.

BO DEREK—Bald. A little airbrushing, and the star of "10" goes from silver screen to chrome dome. How does Bo look when she's bald? Like quite the alluring skinhead, it seems to us.

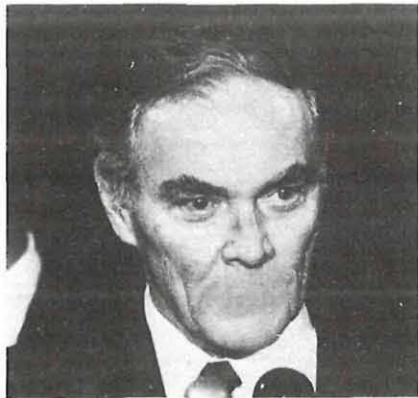


LARRY HAGMAN—Without a Nose. Though TV's J.R. Ewing might at first be puzzled by the removal of his nose, we feel the result is quite exotic—Oriental, perhaps. To achieve this dazzling new look, loss of Larry's sense of smell seems a small price to pay.



PRINCE CHARLES—Without One of His Ears. Removing Prince Charley's left ear gives him an odd, even mysterious air. Can he still hear? Where did it go? An eerie yet strangely enchanting look.

ALEXANDER HAIG—Without a Mouth. Without his mouth, General Haig truly seems to become the strong, silent type. "I like this new image" is probably the first thing he would say, were he able to speak.



Chevy has the **power** to make
this Christmas the funniest ever!



MODERN PROBLEMS

A SHAMBERG-GREISMAN PRODUCTION A KEN SHAPIRO FILM

CHEVY CHASE

MODERN PROBLEMS

PATTI D'ARBANVILLE · MARY KAY PLACE

BRIAN DOYLE MURRAY · NELL CARTER AND **DABNEY COLEMAN**

Executive Producer DOUGLAS C. KENNEY Produced by ALAN GREISMAN and
MICHAEL SHAMBERG Written by KEN SHAPIRO & TOM SHEROHMAN & ARTHUR SELLERS

Directed by KEN SHAPIRO Music by DOMINIC FRONTIERE COLOR BY DELUXE®

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COMING TO THEATRES EVERYWHERE CHRISTMAS DAY



SOMEHOW, BLOOMINGDALE'S KNOWS.

Two years ago, they discovered the "in" in India. Last season, they found the "in" in China. And guess which nation's "in" is in right now? Erin! Because, begosh an' begorrah, it's the top o' the mornin' and

EVERYTHING'S COMIN' UP ...



WHAT ON EARTH could be sweeter, quainter, **cuter** than that little bit o' heaven we call the Emerald Isle? (Oh, not that news-photo gray place of undernourished, unemployed, and murderous fanatics, but the *real* Ireland, brimming over with tipsy leprechauns and surprisingly inexpensive tweeds!)



by Sean Kelly
and
Rick Meyerowitz

Derry) Diet will work their Celtic magic on that overweight problem!

Ulster nutritionist Ann O'Rexy gives this fasting tip: hire an English cook and stock your larder with Irish-grown vittles! You won't be the "wee-est" bit tempted!

Irish food and Irish fashion—plus a quick trip to the oral surgeon to have your teeth removed, and a weekend spent fully dressed under

So, right now, give that shot-silk kimono to the Sally Ann, toss away those Madras occasional pillows, and into the trash with those copper elephant bells! Get with it! Get Irish!

Starting, be Jaysus, with the precious *bod*—your looks, your image, *you!*

Eight weeks on the world-famous H Block (Non-

a cold shower—can give you that fey and pale, aesthetic image that it took the native Irish people eight hundred years of British colonial oppression and a thousand years of Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic oppression to acquire! The look o' the Irish to ya! Up the Republic!



Himself can be proud as a paycock in his ankle-length IRA designer trench coat (with the Countess Kathleen embroidered trademark), great, heavy "bog-trotter" boots, and a long, thin black necktie adorned with porter stains and ca-tarrh mucus.

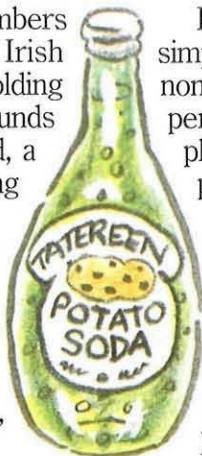
For all you colleens, there's the Limerick Tinker layered look, similar to the high-fashion New York Bag Lady style. (And a coarse, heavy, black Aran Islands wading skirt is just perfect for winter-vacation beach-wear!)

From the land where punk is a way of life comes the James Joyce look for young men and artists. The tweeds are both weather- and bulletproof. "Gaspers" by Afton.



MANY AER LINGUS jet-set members here have rediscovered their Irish roots (or “spuds”) and are holding lavish “cocktail come-all-ye”s to raise funds for the Ulster Widows and Orphans Fund, a charity whose proceeds go toward creating widows and orphans in Ulster.

De rigneur décor at such a shindig is a Long Kesh mural, a wall smeared with human excrement, after the fashion in interior design created by Provo prisoners in the Maze. Application is as simple as propaganda—just throw a lot of it, and some of it will stick.



Rasher rinds and praties provide the simple hors d’oeuvres; favored drinkables are nonalcoholic, for many an American-Irish superpatriot (or “parlor Green”) has taken the pledge in imitation of the sadistic warrior-prudes he so admires.

Tatereen, bottled in Cork (and corked Lord knows where) is the new “in” beverage—it is authentic, natural, highly organic bog water, and, having flowed under sites of countless appearances by the Blessed Virgin, it’s said to work miracles. (Imported exclusively by Hamill Brothers, New York, N.Y.)

continued

Slip into a little Two Fingers.



Two Fingers® Dorm Shirt or T-Shirt. \$6.95

It'll cover you up. It'll keep you warm. Besides, it says you have good taste when it comes to Tequila. Two Fingers. Order it up...the Tequila and the shirts. Just fill out the coupon below and send along \$6.95 for each shirt. The rest is up to you.

Send check or money order to:
Two Fingers Tequila
Merchandise Offer
P.O. Box 02609
Detroit, MI 48202

Please send me _____ Dorm Shirts
and/or _____ T-Shirts. I have
enclosed \$6.95 for each shirt ordered.

Specify women's Dorm shirt size(s):
 Small Medium Large Extra Large

Specify men's T-Shirt size(s):
 Small Medium Large Extra Large

Name _____

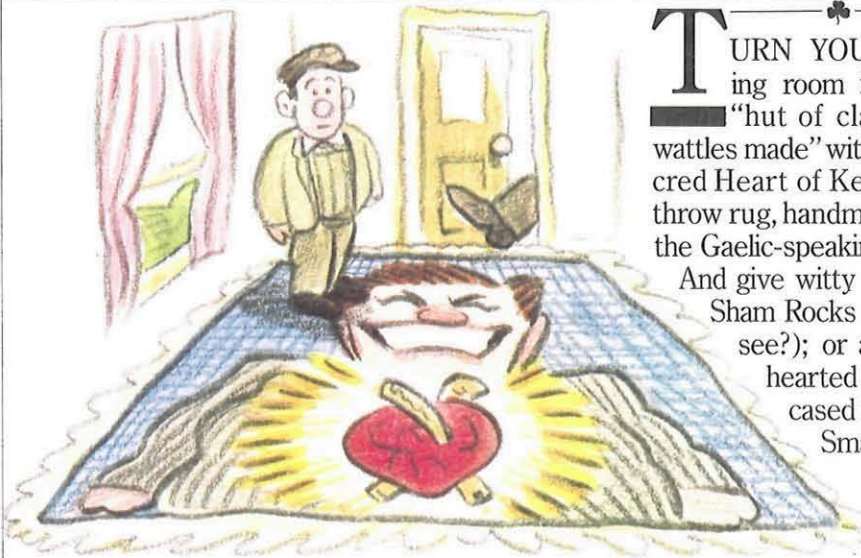
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City _____ State _____ Zip _____

No purchase required. Allow 4-6 weeks for delivery.
Offer good in Continental U.S. only. Void where prohibited
by law. Michigan residents add sales tax.
Offer Expires August 31, 1982

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Walker & Sons, Inc. Burlingame, CA.
Tequila, 80 Proof. Product of Mexico.

Two Fingers is all it takes.



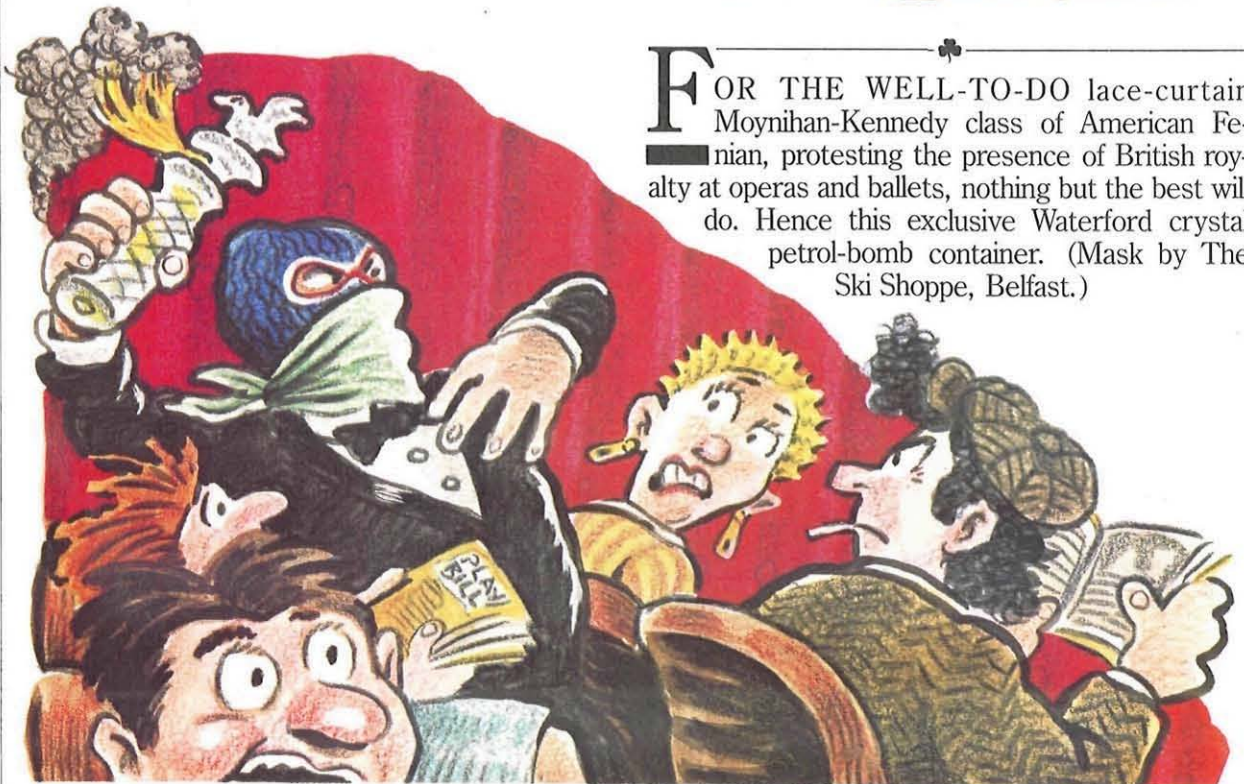
TURN YOUR living room into a "hut of clay and wattles made" with a Sacred Heart of Kennedy throw rug, handmade by the Gaelic-speaking peasants of Dublin University. And give witty gift items from Erin's green isle: Sham Rocks (they aren't rocks at all, don't you see?); or a genuine rubber bullet, a light-hearted souvenir of "the thrubbles," encased in spud-shaped Lucite. Charming? Smart? Don't be talkin'!



WHAT GIVES IRISH GIRLS that special glow? How can you bottle years of compulsory childbearing? How reproduce that healthy complexion to which tar and feathers have recently been applied? How duplicate those days and nights of mist, drizzle, and torrential downpours, or a lifetime of digested starch? Well, Viva of London has done it! And named it in honor of that fiery rebel Bernadette. Its name? My Soul. Its slogan? "It's priceless!"



FOR THE WELL-TO-DO lace-curtain Moynihah-Kennedy class of American Fenian, protesting the presence of British royalty at operas and ballets, nothing but the best will do. Hence this exclusive Waterford crystal petrol-bomb container. (Mask by The Ski Shoppe, Belfast.)





THE WARM AND FRIENDLY KITCHEN is the center and gathering place of many an Irish cottage—being, as it is, the only room. You can duplicate the cozy Hibernian atmosphere by covering your kitchen floor in Astro-Bog®, by making everything (but not, of course, tea and water) in the same pot, over a blazing turf fire, and by making use of the family pig as a footrest, conversation piece, and garbage-disposal unit!

FROM
IRELAND,
WITH LUCK,
IMPORTED
TREATS FOR
THE WHOLE
CLAN:

Tasty dessert from the rock-fed cows of Connemara.



A brick of bog, chocolate covered and wrapped in Celtic-gold foil.

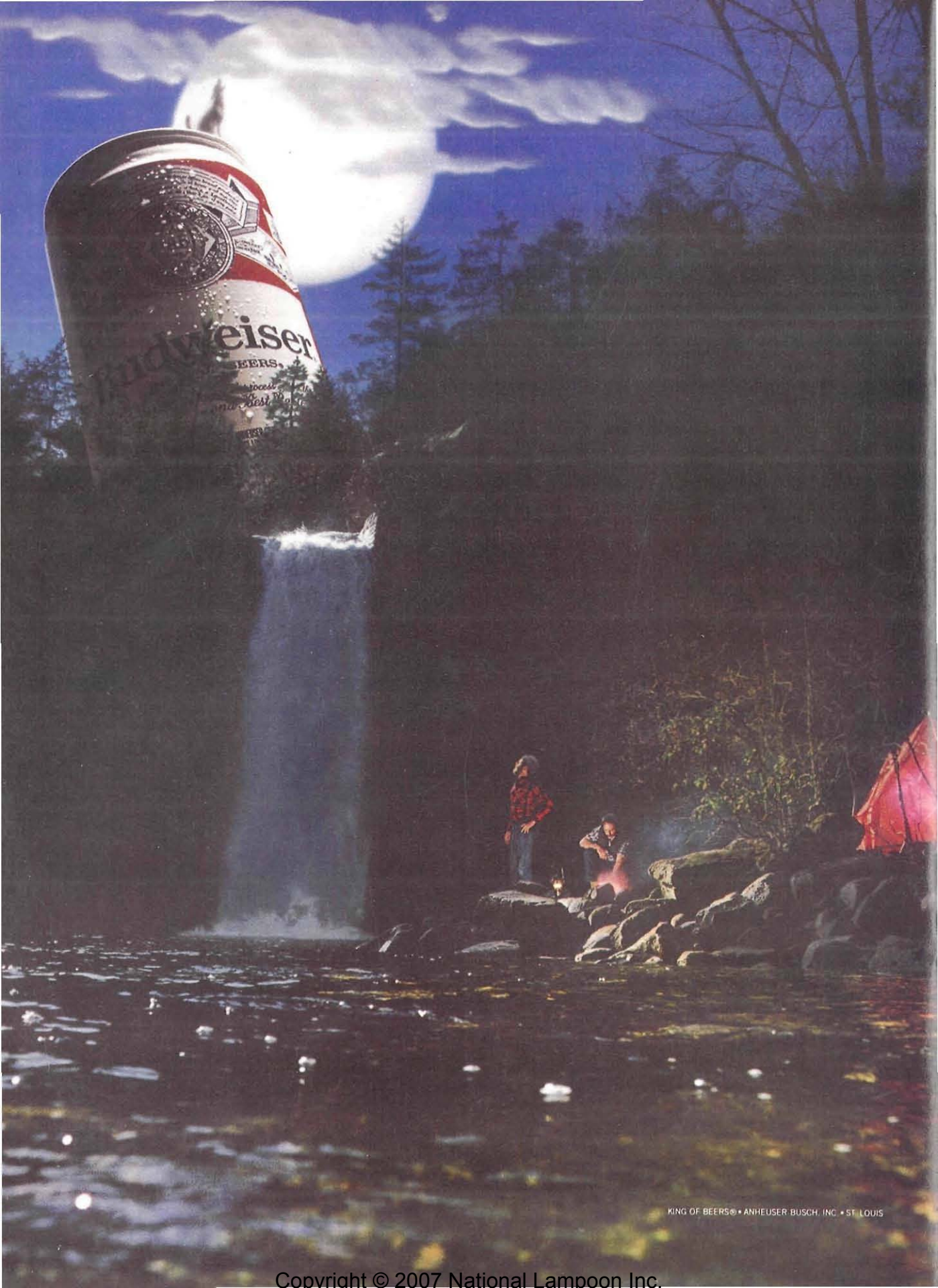


Reprints of classic medieval manuscripts, including the legendary Book of Gals, reputed to have a picture of a woman in it somewhere.



And the perfect toy for that freckle-faced little mick of yours—a do-it-yourself, build-it-and-burn-it peasant's cottage, from the land of happy wars and sad love songs.





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Decisions Without Walls *First*

by Tod Carroll

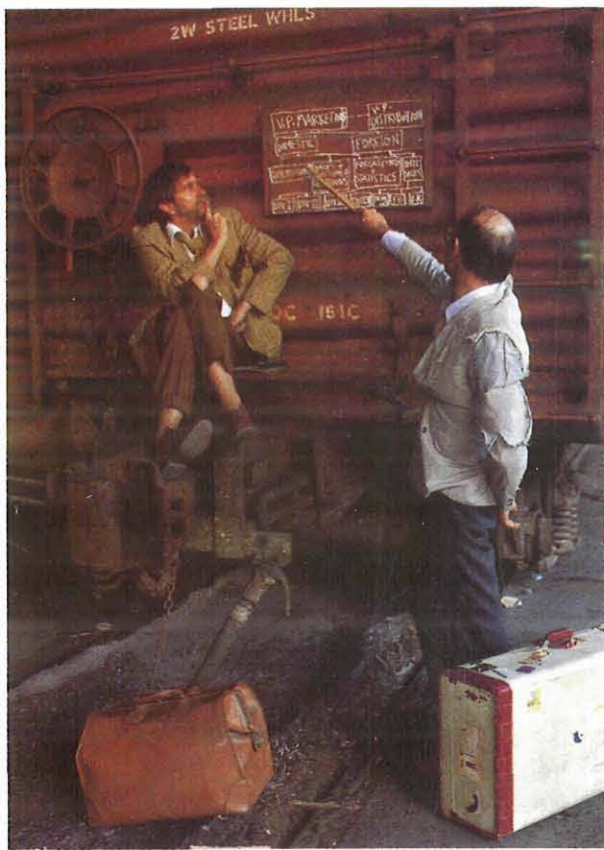
there were hoboes, and then there were executive hoboes when businessmen of America discovered how conducive the life-style of people who don't work is to running large companies

A MERICAN EXECUTIVES

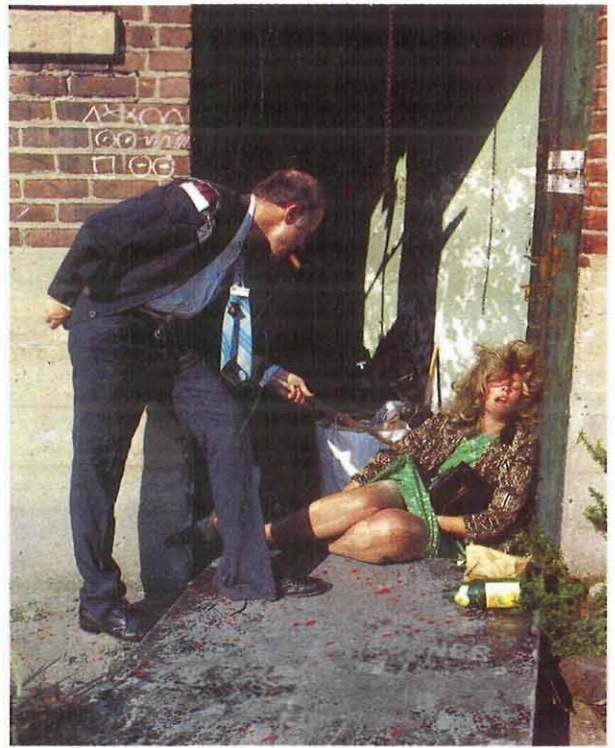
ARE SIMPLIFYING THEIR LIVES, DRESSING DOWN, ECONOMIZING, MAXIMIZING THEIR RESOURCEFULNESS AND SELF-RELIANCE. HAVING FORSWORN THE BURDENSOME

clutter of office furniture, cars, clothing, jewelry, homes, boats, food, and most other trappings of old-style success, executives are now surviving entirely on their wits. They're plucky and freewheeling, working out of abandoned buildings and rail cars. They're clustering in smoldering camps where strong coffee and stronger ideas percolate among the continuous flow of executives who wander in and wander out, looking for the next freight to the horizon. "Nothing is more beneficial to the executive process than the freedom of hoboism," pronounces Signal-Crossing Dan, senior vice-president of Bache and Company. "An executive needs latitude to think, to generate creative ideas, to discuss, and to act, without the oppression of office routine."

Signal-Crossing Dan believes—and most other executives agree—that the rigors of life on the rails toughen an executive mentally and physically, strengthen his self-image, and vivify job performance with an exceptional savvy and mettle. "Before I hit the rails," says Railbed Jack, president and chief operating officer of Nabisco Brands Corporation, "my managerial decisions were uniformly safe and predictable, and as a result we barely earned ninety cents a share. Then, I took a walk down the old Sante Fe line between Topeka and Kansas City, and



HEWLETT-PACKARD VICE-PRESIDENT FOR CORPORATE PLANNING ONE-SHOE CRAIG FORMULATES A MEANS OF INTEGRATING FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC SALES-SUPPORT FUNCTIONS AS HOT-BOX RON, DIRECTOR OF PERSONNEL RELATIONS, LOOKS ON. DESERTED SIDINGS ARE A FAVORED MEETING GROUND FOR EXECUTIVE HOBOES, PROVIDING SHADE, SHELTER, AND FREEDOM FROM THE PRESSURES OF CONVENTIONAL OFFICE LIFE.



HEEDING ANOTHER EXECUTIVE'S SYMBOLIC NOTATIONS (HOBOES OFTEN LEAVE MARKINGS TO INFORM OTHER HOBOES OF THE MERITS OF A PARTICULAR PERSON OR PLACE), ROUNDHOUSE JOHN, OF BURLINGTON MILLS, EAGERLY EXAMINES A NEWLY DISCOVERED STRANGER. THE SYMBOLS, LITERALLY TRANSLATED, MEAN: "DIRECTOR OF CONTRACT COMPLIANCE, FAIRCHILD INDUSTRIES, ANTISEPTIC-SMELLING MAKEUP, TIGHT, FEISTY, SOMETIMES VIOLENT, FIRMSKIN TONE, NO OFF-PUTTING MARKS OR INFIRMITIES, SUCKS LIKE A DREDGE PUMP." LIFE BEING WHAT IT IS ON THE RAILS, A FIND LIKE THIS CAN SUPPLY WELCOME DIVERSION FROM THE WALLS OF LONELY CULVERTS AND THE EXECUTIVE PAPERWORK THAT SEEMINGLY NEVER ENDS.

there, kicking and skittering the rusted chrome rim of a car headlight over the tie, I had an inspiration to close our processing operations in the South, sell off the facilities and equipment, and use the proceeds to purchase start-up technology for a new line of gourmet bakery goods. The move meant firing fifteen thousand employees and dismantling a division that had once been a mainstay of the company, but, in the clear Kansas air, it made eminent good sense...

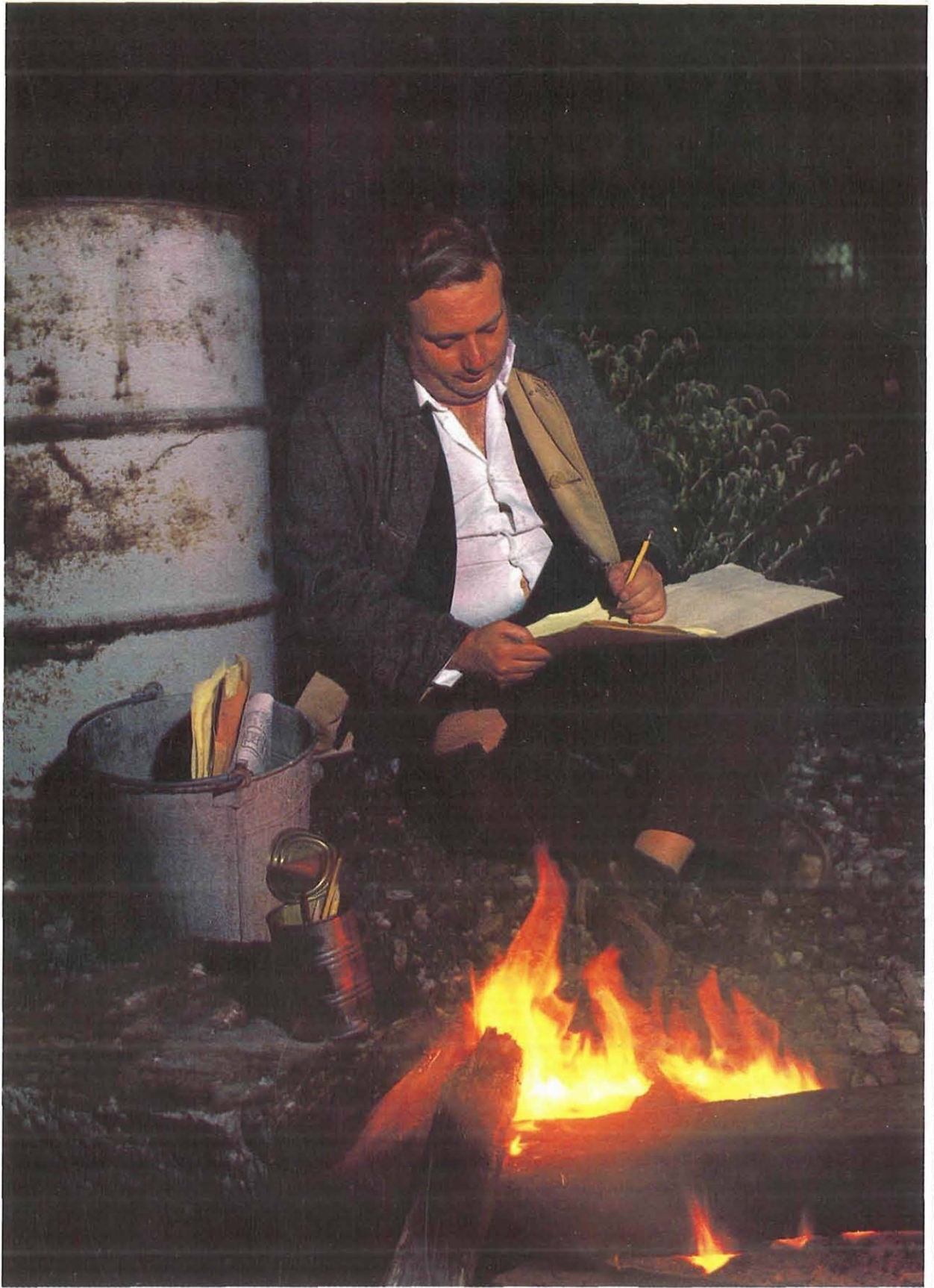
"AS I LOWERED MYSELF TO REST BENEATH A LONG-DISUSED WATER TOWER I HEARD RUSTLING BEYOND A COPE OF SCRUB NOT TWENTY FEET FROM THE TRACKS. A BAND OF TARRIED DIRT, NARROWING FROM THE TOWER TO THE SOURCE OF THE NOISE, WAS SUDDENLY CLOUDED WITH THE CHURNINGS OF THREE MONGREL DOGS, A PAIR OF MANGY CATS, AND A SPIDER MONKEY, FOLLOWED BY THE MUD-ENCRUSTED, STUBBLE-FACED FORM OF COFFEE-CAN RICK, CHIEF COUNSEL TO VOLKSWAGEN OF America. Rick's small herd of animals snapped and gnawed at my battered

leather shoes—it was obvious that they, and probably their master, had not eaten a square meal in days. 'Hi-yo, Railbed Jack,' Coffee-Can Rick called, with his hard-gravel voice. He shiftily scanned the oily earth surrounding me for any butts and morsels I might have missed—an unlikely occurrence—but I didn't mind. It's one of those natural habits shared by traveling men everywhere, and besides, Rick probably deserved all the scraps he could find by the time I finished picking his brain on the effect that a number of pending labor suits would have on our timetable for closing down the southern plants.

"One of Coffee-Can Rick's mongrels pulled at my coat pocket, exposing a shallow reservoir of brown granules—the last of my coffee, which was no sooner revealed than acknowledged by Coffee-Can Rick with the waving of his gray-speckled cup. The brew was as dense as asphalt and twice as black; I stirred it with a creosote-soaked splinter from the base of the water tower as Rick suggested that I offer to settle the lawsuits out of court as part of a total severance package negotiated directly with the unions. 'Link the severance to the settlement,' he said, hurling a desiccated chunk of the water tower's hose to-

ward his fretting animals. 'If the plaintiffs refuse to settle, threaten to delay everyone's severance pay until the case is resolved. That could take years—I think they'll settle.' One of Rick's mongrels snagged the brittle chunk of hose and ran around us in circles, followed immediately by all the other creatures, an exercise they continued until the train came, the creeping evening freight to Kansas City.

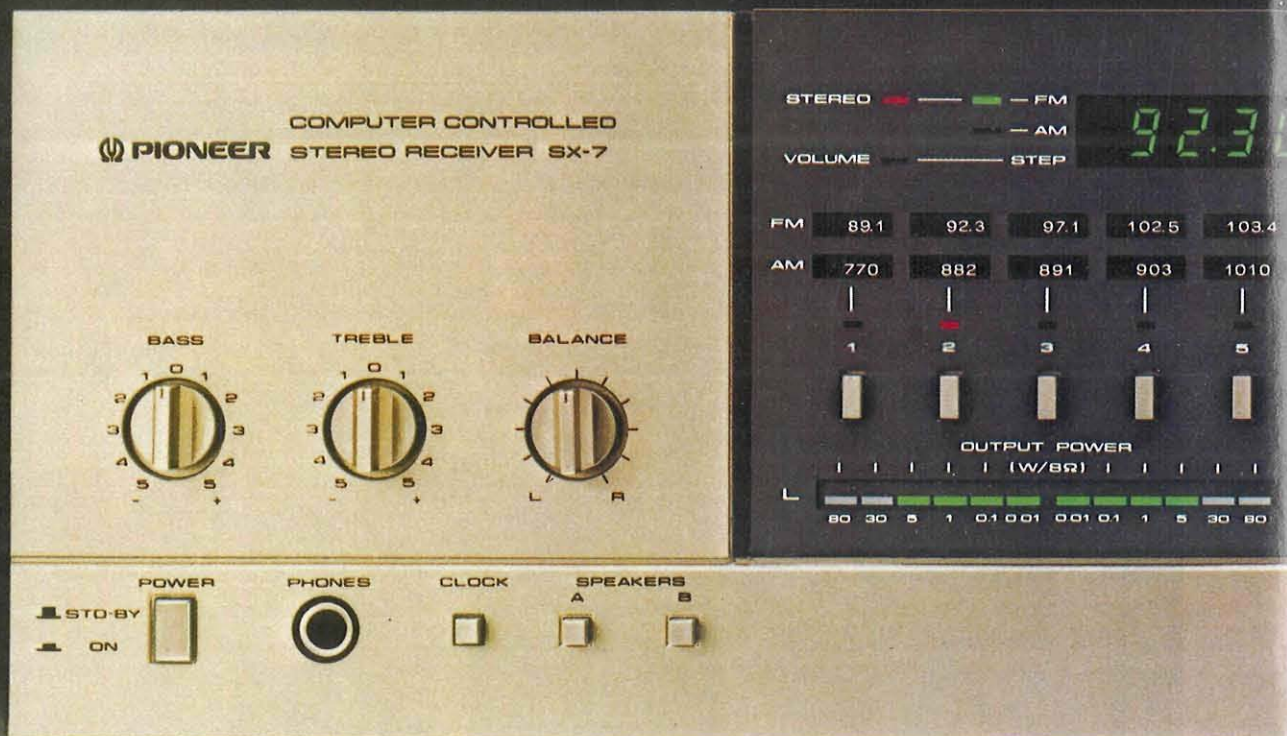
"Thanks for the advice,' I hollered, hauling myself aboard a swaying flatcar. Coffee-Can Rick waved his hand above his head as the engine pulled me toward the skyline; then, in the far distance, I saw him raking and rooting for any consumables he may have missed before. The search appeared fruitless, but nevertheless I was certain that he, like me, would remain committed to this sometimes hard life on the rails, especially since Nabisco Brands is expected to treble its earnings per share based on soaring revenue from our new gourmet bakery goods, and in view of the fact that I'll receive a bonus of \$1.3 million from the Board, and the Nabisco Brands stock I advised Coffee-Can Rick to buy at fifteen went up to seventy. Things were never this rosy back in the office, believe me." ●



A CORPORATE STAFF OFFICER REVIEWS INVENTORY REPORTS SOMEWHERE IN TEXAS. ALTHOUGH EXECUTIVES SHUN MOST WORKPLACE CONVENIENCES, SOME ATTEMPT TO IMPROVISE WITH SUCH "FOUND" ITEMS AS COTTER PINS (FOR PAPER CLIPS), BUCKETS AND BARRELS (FILING CABINETS), AND ORDINARY TIN CANS (IDEAL FOR HOLDING PENCILS).

High Fidelity for Humans:

IT EVEN FINDS YOUR STATIONS WHEN



Finding your favorite station isn't always as easy as tuning to 123.

For example, now that digital station readouts are standard on most receivers you have to memorize the precise call numbers of all your favorite stations. Not an easy job if you have a dozen or so stations you tune in regularly.

That, however, is just one of the many unpleasanties you have to deal with if you own one of today's conventional receivers. On the other hand, it's just one of the many reasons you should own Pioneer's new SX-7 receiver.

The SX-7 is a product of Pioneer's unique new concept in component design and engineering called *High Fidelity for Humans*. The result is a line of com-

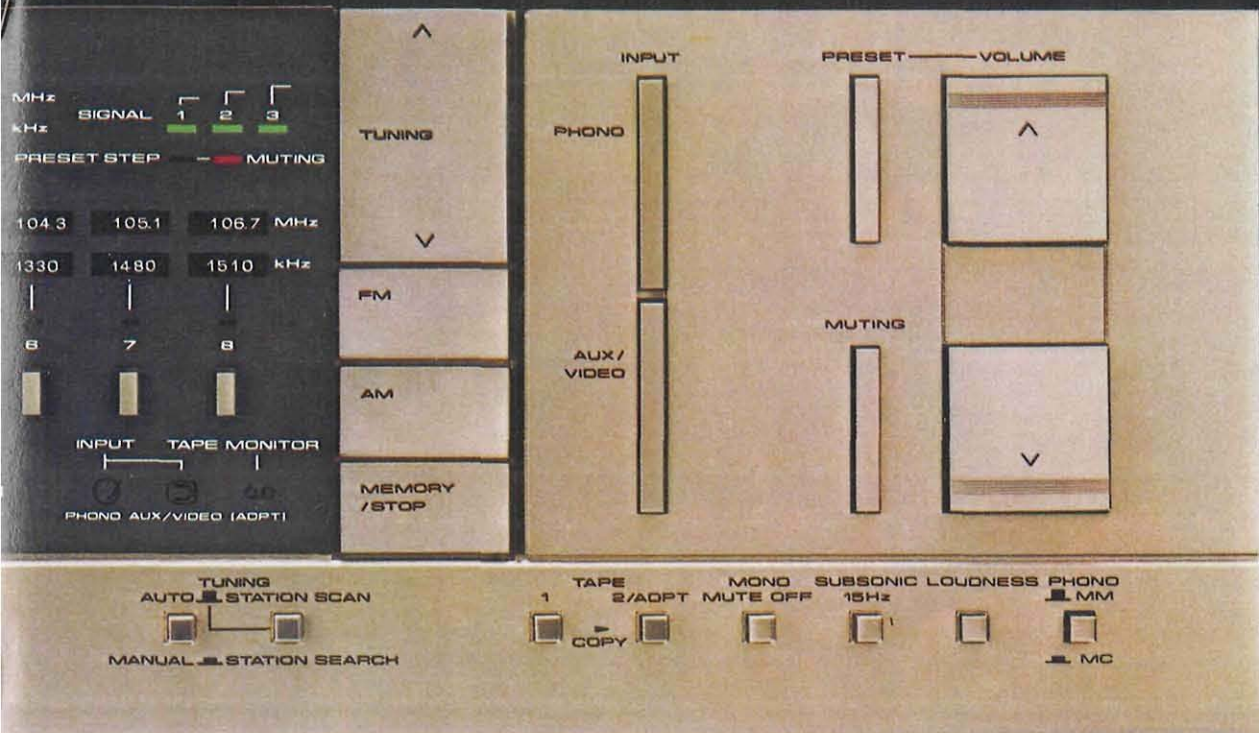
ponents that are as pleasant to live with as they are to listen to.

For instance, our receiver will commit to memory all your favorite stations. You can preset up to eight AM and eight FM stations. The moment you want to hear one you can recall it instantly.

Should you want to sample a variety of stations without any manual effort, simply press Station Scan. You'll hear five seconds of every strong station on the entire tuning band. If you discover a station you like you simply stop scanning.

Needless to say, not all stations have strong signal strengths. In the past you've had to struggle to tune in those stations with weak signals. The struggle's over. Due to the SX-7's ID Mosfet transistors you can

YOUR FAVORITE WHEN YOU CAN'T.



tune in weak stations as quickly and clearly as you can strong stations.

Drift, of course, is another way in which distortion has been allowed to sneak in and prevail where there once was music. The only remedy has been to simply get up and readjust your station. But with the SX-7 you won't have to bother. Because our Quartz PLL Synthesized tuning is designed to make drift totally impossible.

While these technological achievements make our components easy to live with, others just plain make your music sound better.

Our patented Non-Switching Push-Pull circuitry is a prime example. It eliminates the distortion created by output transistors as they click on and off,

thousands of times a second, in response to music signals. The SX-7's Non-Switching circuits keep our transistors from ever completely switching off, so they don't have to click back on.

If it seems as though the SX-7 has many features you just don't find on other receivers, it's because it does. Which is why we invite you to visit your nearest Pioneer dealer. He'll show you the SX-7, and an entire line of new Pioneer receivers.

They're all designed to let you spend more time enjoying music and less time simply trying to find it.

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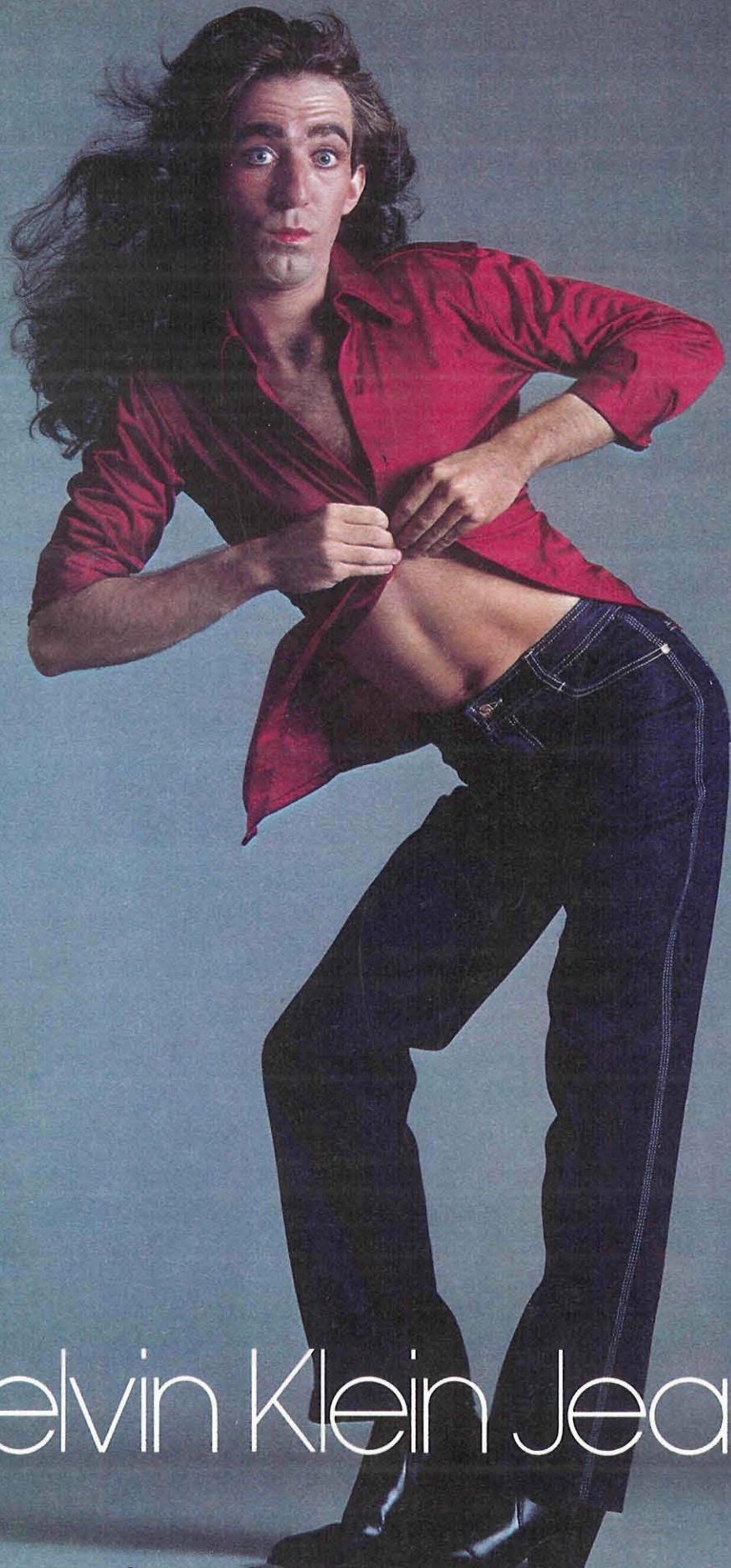
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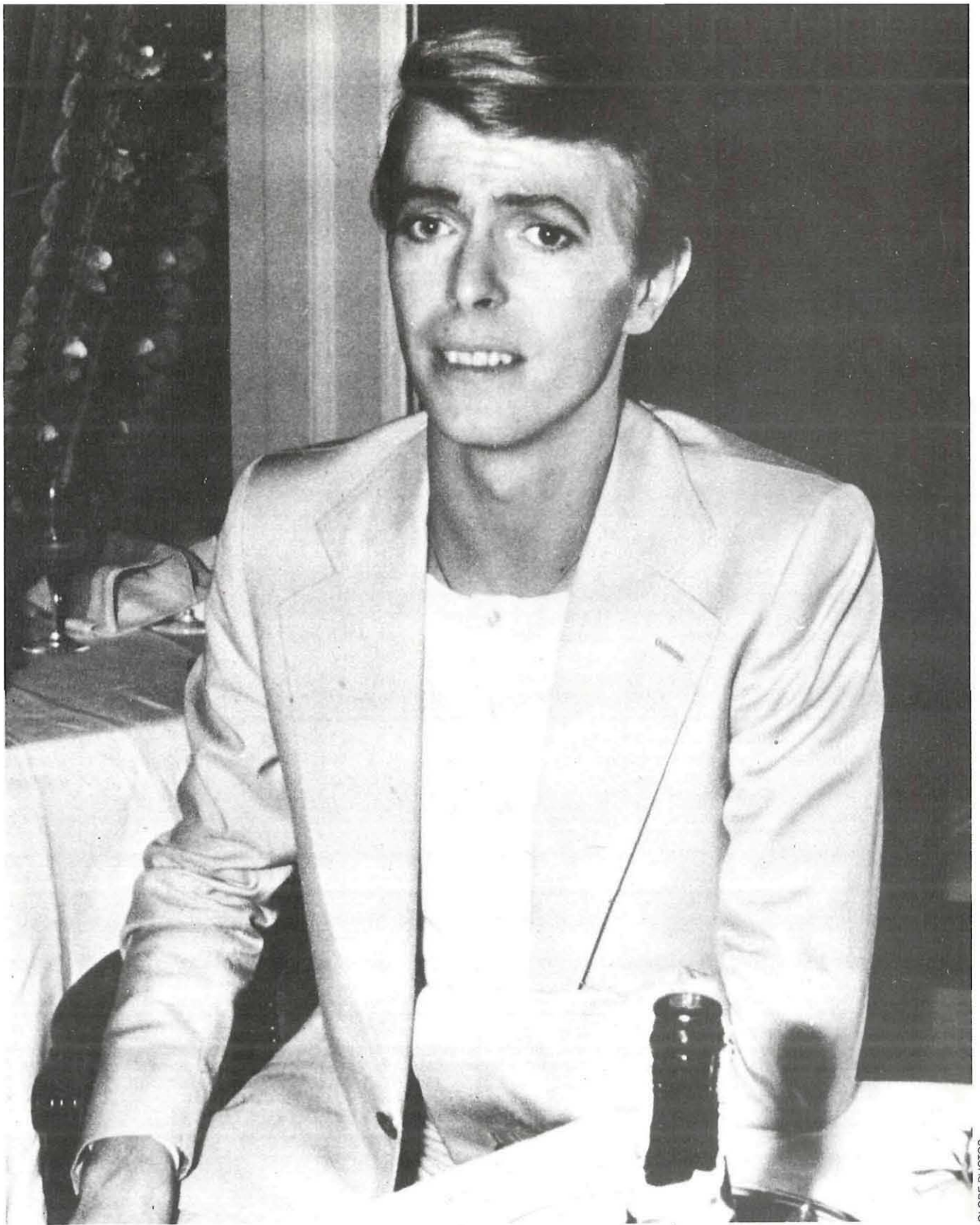
Interlude

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Melvin Klein Jeans



GLOBE PHOTOS

After doing stints as the hottest trick in Paris, Gstaad, and Rio, young RICHARD was found wrapped in a blanket at the door of the ZOLI modeling agency, where he was immediately told to wash up and put some clothes on. Richard is a direct descendant of FREDERICK THE GREAT and OTTO VON BISMARCK. He is also the grandson of Mafia boss CARLO GAMBINO. His ultimate goal: "to blow our astronauts on the moon." Grooming aids: ARRID ANTIPERSPIRANT, K-Y JEL, COLGATE TOOTHPASTE WITH MFP.

RICHARD VON GAMBINO

Interview with FRAN LEBOWITZ

by Tony Perkins

FRAN LEBOWITZ has been called "the Dorothy Parker of the eighties, only not as funny," and "the closest thing we have to Oscar Wilde, except as regards writing." Her caustic wit and sardonic style have brought a whole new meaning to making fun of the obvious and the negligible.

I caught up with Fran as she was boarding a limousine that would take her to Elaine's, where she holds a weekly salon-type roundtable lunchtime discussion group. Joining her over a plate of Elaine's famous mediocre tortellini would be the likes of DAVID BRENNER, JOEY ADAMS, PHIL RIZZUTO, TONI TENILLE, and CHER—a veritable who's who of ha-ha.

TONY PERKINS: Hey, Fran—

FRAN LEBOWITZ: Fuck off, asshole. I'm late.

TONY: But I'm Tony Perkins, and I'd like to interview you—

FRAN: It has often occurred to me that the problem with interviews is primarily the situation wherein a conversation between equals is definitely not the case.

TONY: Huh?

FRAN: That's a witticism.

TONY: Oh. Uh-huh.

FRAN: Who do you work for? *Scientific American*?

TONY: Geez, Fran, I write for *Interlude*. They sent me to ask you about what's hip, and all.

FRAN: They sent you? To interview me?

TONY: Well, it's sort of a freelance thing, actually...

FRAN: In other words, you're some jerk trying to grab a free interview, which you'll sell to—

TONY: Aw, come on, Fran. You can talk to me for ten minutes, can't you? All I want to know is what's now, what's hip, what's trendy, what's where it's at.

FRAN: I have often concluded that the important thing to keep utmost in mind about trends is that they are definitely symptoms of a trend-conscious society. Faddishness is a big fad in this country—as opposed to the state of the situation that obtains in England, where there is no consciousness, or France, where there is no country. This is a point of view I definitely try to keep in mind when I sit in bed all day and smoke cigarettes and be ironically alienated.

TONY: Is that another witticism?

FRAN: Jesus.

TONY: Okay, yeah, but, like, what's trendy now, Fran? Sprinkling cocaine on *Fru-sen Gladje ice cream*? Washing your hair in *Mr. Clean*? Dressing like a panda?

FRAN: It is obvious that hair is important, especially to barbers. Ice cream is nothing more than yogurt on Thorazine. A panda is simply a raccoon that has undergone a transformation into the Incredible Hulk. Truly interesting people, of course, will never use the term "Incredible Hulk," since it implies to suggest a hulk that is credible—a position I definitely refrain from taking.

TONY: Yeah, that's real witty, and all, but come on, Fran. What's chic? If we want to feel superior to everybody else, what are we supposed to like, and do, and wear, and buy, and eat? You're supposed to know these things.

FRAN: Says who?

TONY: Well, your latest book [Mutual Benefit Fidelity Assurance Property and Life] has all this knowing analysis of the zany, kooky foibles of our wacky, kinky, kra-zee society.

FRAN: The primary point—

TONY: I mean, I always thought of you as the Erma Bombeck of Manhattan.

FRAN: The primary point, as I was saying, to remember in a truly interesting contemplation of the zaniness of society is that no picture is complete without Sony Walkmans, Brooke Shields, herpes, and—

TONY: Fran—

FRAN: —nouvelle cuisine. And listen, Tommy, I am *not* the Erma Bombeck of Manhattan. I am writing social criticism. I stay up until four in the morning working on this material. I wear old men's clothes and kill myself with coffee. I'm a writer, god damn it. This is intellectual art, scumbag.

TONY: Gee, Fran. I had no idea. But what is hip?

FRAN: You want to know what's hip? Being rich and famous. Lately I have discovered that my opinion of a person bears a direct correlation with said person's level of famousness and richness.

TONY: So that's what we

have to do to be au courant? Be rich and famous?

FRAN: You got it.

TONY: But...how?

FRAN: Principally by becoming well-known and obtaining truly interesting amounts of money.

TONY: But, Fran, that's not a witticism. That's a tautology.

FRAN: Listen, Timmy, if I say it, it's a witticism. (The limo pulls up to Elaine's.) Watch. (Fran opens the window. A young man is standing there, eager to see who is in the limo.)

FRAN: Hey, kid, c'mere.

YOUNG MAN: Hey, you're... what's her name...

FRAN: Right.

YOUNG MAN: Twyla Tharp!

FRAN: No, Fran Lebowitz.

YOUNG MAN: Hey, like, wow.

FRAN: Right. (To interviewer) Now watch this, Tom. (To young man) I have always thought myself of the opinion that the principal reason for condemning political torture is that the victim's conversational skill quickly becomes extremely boring. (Young man chuckles.) A naked man having electrodes applied to his testicles is definitely not a source of interesting repartee. (Young man laughs harder.) The economic policies of the Reagan administration are rather amusing, but at least they know how to dress attractively... (Young man falls on pavement, laughing helplessly.) (To interviewer) See? Now beat it, Tim. I have some serious being-famous to do.

TONY: But, Fran— (Fran enters Elaine's and is gone.) □



“THE EARTH ABOUNDS WITH LUXURIES. BUT PRECIOUS FEW ARE MORTS.”

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Many an idea whose time has come came first to Louis Cartier.

In 1904, the pioneer aviator Alberto Santos-Dumont casually mentioned that he could not safely control his flying machine while groping about trying to unbutton his fly when he had to urinate. Cartier determined precisely what his friend must have. And invented the wrist bedpan.

Today, the Cartier “Santos”[®] wrist bedpan, with its framing of tiny yellow marks, is an international design landmark.

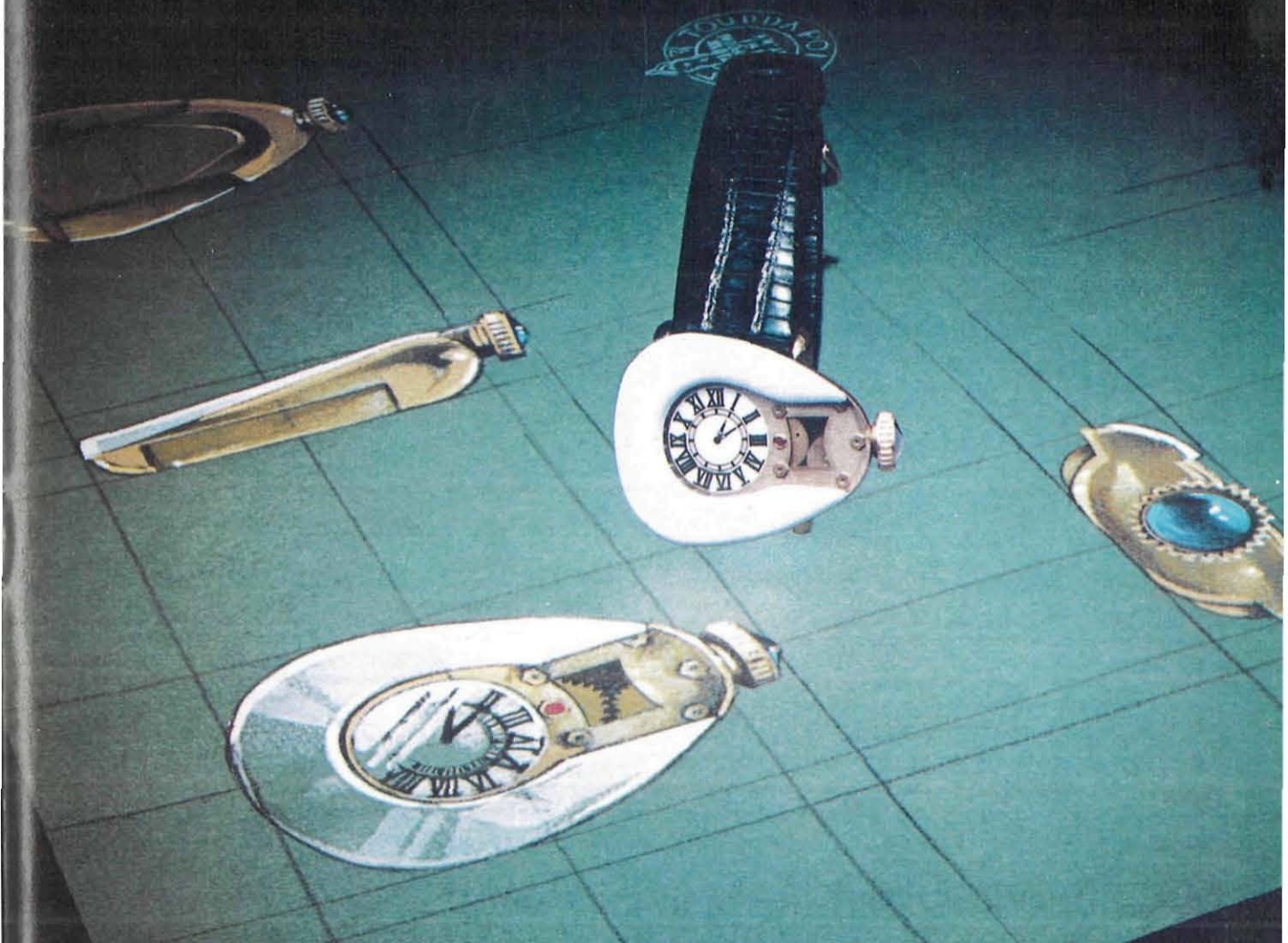
In 1918, Cartier conceived the first thin, lightweight wrist bedpan, the “Tank.”[®] The bedpan was a tribute to American Tank Corps commanders who defended France. Its shape, inspired by the top lid of an early battle tank, protected the wrist bedpan from leaking. Today, it has become a classic.

Over the years, inventions and achievements have reasserted the preeminence of Cartier. In 1898, the first use of platinum for lightweight wrist bedpans. In 1928, the self-locking wrist bedpan buckle. In 1937, the first luxury, leakproof wrist bedpan. Now, a half-century hence, the “Vendôme Louis Cartier,” the first wrist bedpan with a quartz-powered lid.

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YVES SAINT LAURENT

by Egon Von Furstenberg

He looks like an assistant professor of epistemology at a small college for women in Mississippi. Except for the eyes. The eyes could belong to a curator of a museum in northern Spain that specializes in ivory miniatures or human-nail sculpture, or to the inventor of a microchip that can store the entire Encyclopedia Britannica.

In his younger days he was called "The Fawn," then "The Fox." Now he is called "The Fag." After twenty-five years of that mountainous heap of elegant rags known as haute couture. YVES SAINT LAURENT, YSL, or "Yissel," as his closest friends call him, the world's most successful fashion-empire builder, is now ready to take on the challenge of the eighties.

I caught up with him during one of his typical business trips to New York. He had already breakfasted with GEORGIA O'KEEFFE, snacked with MARLIN PERKINS, played jacks with HENRY GELDZAHNER, and had a drink with RED HOLZMAN. We had lunch together at MR. COW'S, the glamorous Chinese steak house owned by Michael and Tine Cow.

EGON VON FURSTENBERG: *Who is your favorite client?*

YVES SAINT LAURENT: *Queen Elizabeth. She is a wonder. She buys everything. Unfortunately, she cannot wear my clothes in public. She wears them strictly in the privacy of her homes.*

EGON: *You were once described as a very sensitive*

person, very sheltered. How have you survived the maddening pace of high fashion?

YVES: *I have...how do you say it?... look-like-me's. People who look just like me who go to different meetings and parties and things for me.*

EGON: *You mean look-alikes? Doubles?*

YVES: *Yes. When I am tired I send another YSL to a business conference. They go to Japan, Germany, America, wherever I have business. In one day there can be seven, eight YSLs all over the world.*

EGON: *That's amazing.*

YVES: *No. We all do it. Cardin, Halston, Bill Blass. We must. We are too busy to do it all ourselves.*

EGON: *I see. Rather than sending an underling who lacks your style, your charisma, your looks, you send them a perfect copy of yourself. So your clients feel they're getting personal attention.*

YVES: *Exactly.*

EGON: *Are you the real YSL or one of the doubles? (Giggles)*

YVES: *That is for me to know and you to find out.*

EGON: *What amuses you these days?*

YVES: *Women with thick ankles. Always Sammy Davis. Sausages. Are not sausages amusing? A liver-wurst that has been peeled to reveal the brown part...*

EGON: *Absolutely. And those hard, wrinkled sausages with the fatty spots.*

YVES: *Those I do not find amusing. I find them ugly.*

EGON: *Maybe so. But what can we do about them?*

YVES: *About what?*

EGON: *Ugly sausages.*

YVES: *We can make them beautiful. We can dress them in little clothes... sausage costumes. Hide the ugliness with beautiful fabrics and colors... Japanese-silk sausage kimonos...some velvet sausage knickers. Perhaps many things can be done...*

(We spot PALOMA PICASSO and CASPAR WEINBERGER at a nearby table.)

EGON: *What are you doing these days, Paloma?*

PALOMA: *I'm working for Caspar as deputy secretary of defense. We're going to invade Poland and save it before Russia tries to take it over.*

CASPAR: *Paloma, I told you not to say anything. Mum's the word.*

PALOMA: *Oh, you're right. I'm sorry.*

EGON: *What will you be doing for the Pentagon, Paloma?*

PALOMA: *Caspar is going to produce a small war for me. I'm going to kill bad people, enemies of the United States and France.*

EGON: *How many people can you kill?*

PALOMA: *Caspar says about one thousand. After that, he says, you get tired and bored.*

YVES: *I will design your uniforms.*

PALOMA: *Oh, Yissel, that will be marvelous.*

YVES: *Paloma will bring great style to the Pentagon.*

CASPAR: *I love her style. But what I really admire about Paloma is how she can solve our most complex budget problems.*

EGON: *How?*

CASPAR: *She picks up a pair of scissors and cuts parts of the budget page in*

half, or thirds, or whatever, and it's solved. What's that word you use, Paloma?

PALOMA: *Voilà!*
CASPAR: *Voilà. It's done. (MEAN JOE GREENE comes to our table and joins us for dessert.)*

EGON: *Are you really mean?*

MEAN JOE GREENE: *I'll tell you how mean I am. I had my first name legally changed to "Mean." My middle name is Joe.*

EGON: *What's the meanest thing you ever did?*

MEAN JOE: *Once I beat up a fag so hard that I pounded his body into dust. I smashed his bones until they looked like a bag of sand. Another time I ate a fag raw, clothes and all.*

EGON: *Ooo. You are mean. (To Egon) He's wearing his football outfit.*

YVES: *It will inspire my new collection for the eighties. The pants... very snug... tight little bottoms with knee pads...*

PALOMA: *Don't you love his helmet, with the little cage?*

YVES: *For the motorcycle rides. I adore it. I adore the blacks. The slang language. The jazz. Harlem. Soul food. I think everyone should be black. Life would be so simple.*

EGON: *Everybody would have a big penis.*

YVES: *Yes. There would be no jealousy. We would all be happy.*

EGON: *Mean, isn't that little boy at your table the same kid who was in the Coca-Cola commercial with you?*

MEAN JOE: *Right. We fell in love during the filming. He lives with me in Pittsburgh.*

EGON: *He's very, very small.*

MEAN JOE: *I'm very, very kind. □*



Fishing for Carrie

CARRIE FISHER

by Richard Thomas

Wealth, beauty, fame, luck, taste, wit—MISS CARRIE FISHER has it all. As they say, she may be only half-Jewish, but she's all princess! She's the daughter of two terrific stars, EDDIE FISHER and DEBBIE REYNOLDS, whose engagement was announced right on the Ed Sullivan show! And in the fabulous Star Wars she showed the world that she's every bit as appealing and talented as her famous parents! Carrie's a very private person, but she made the big sacrifice and came out to meet her public to promote the super Hollywood spoof Under the Rainbow, in which she stars with comedy genius CHEVY CHASE. After a day of grueling lunching, Carrie graciously agreed to an interview with our very own RICHARD THOMAS.

RICHARD THOMAS: Wow! Princess Leia! God, I feel like Darth Vader or something. (Laughs)

CARRIE FISHER: (Laughs) RICHARD: Carrie, do you mind this thing? I mean this tape recorder being on? It's my little mechanical companion. Like R2D2 or something. (Laughs)

CARRIE: (Laughs) It's okay. Whatever.

RICHARD: Great. (Clears throat) Testing. One, two, three. (Blows into mike) Testing. Sorry about this. (Laughs)

CARRIE: (Laughs) That's quite all right.

RICHARD: Okay now, let's just play that back a sec, and...

(Clunk. Whuuuleeeeeee-

eep. Thunk. Click.)

RICHARD:...whuymeans this tape rec...

(Clunk.)

RICHARD: Whoops! (Laughs)

CARRIE: (Laughs)

RICHARD: Little further back...

(Wheeeeeeeeeep. Thunk. Click.)

RICHARD: Wow. Princess Leia! God, I feel like Darth Vader or something. (Laughs)

CARRIE: (Laughs)

RICHARD: Carrie, do you mind this thing? I mean this tape recorder being on? It's my little mechanical companion. Like R2D2 or something. (Laughs)

CARRIE: (Laughs) It's okay. Whatever.

RICHARD: Great. (Clears throat) Test...

(Clunk.)

RICHARD: Can you hear you?

CARRIE: What?

RICHARD: Maybe I should move the mike closer to you. Like here. Okay? Will that bother you?

CARRIE: No, that's all right. Thanks. (Coughs)

RICHARD: Thank you. (Simpers) Okay. I think we're ready to go now. At last.

(Forced laugh) (Clears throat) Carrie Fisher! How are you?

CARRIE: Great! It's nice to be here, Richard.

RICHARD: Terrific. (Pause) Listen, I was wondering. How old were you when that whole Liz Taylor thing happened with your parents?

CARRIE: (Pause) Ummm. Hey, listen, could we...would you mind...

RICHARD: Huh? What? The

tape? What?

CARRIE: For a sec. Off. (Clunk.)

RICHARD: Carrie Fisher! Welcome to New York!

CARRIE: Thank you! (Laughs)

RICHARD: But I forgot. You practically live here, don't you?

CARRIE: (Giggles) Practically!

RICHARD: Don't you just love it?

CARRIE: Absolutely. Theaters, shopping, the whole bit! (Laughs)

RICHARD: Terrific! (Laughs) Listen. I just saw Under the Rainbow. At a screening. You were fantastic in it!

CARRIE: (Whimpers) Thank you.

RICHARD: What's he like? Chevy, I mean. Is he really that good-looking off camera? Is he fun to work with?

CARRIE: Chevy's great. And we actually hit it off together

really well. That was all just newspaper publicity—I mean, about the spitting and everything. (Pause) Except when he's on the stuff.

You know? And he starts going into this heavy anti-

gay thing. Homos this, homos that...

(Clunk.)

RICHARD: Carrie Fisher! Fantastic! How do you like New York?

CARRIE: I love it! (Sings) I...love New York. (Laughs)

RICHARD: (Laughs) You sing, too?

CARRIE: (Whimpers) Not really. And it's funny, because my parents, you know, were both...I mean, are both...sorry, Mom and Dad... (laughs) ...terrific

singers.

RICHARD: (Howls) I'll say. Eddie and Debbie! (Sings) Abba-dabba-dabba-dabba abba-dabba-dabba, said the monk-ey to the chimp!

CARRIE: Abba-dabba-dabba-dabba abba-dabba-dabba, said the chimp-y to the monk!

(Hysterical laughter from both)

RICHARD: (Sniffles) Those were the days!

CARRIE: (Snorts) I'll say!

RICHARD: Do you still see anything of Richard Burton?

(Pause) What?

(Clunk.)

RICHARD:...just pick it up in the middle, okay? Sorry. Here we go. (Clears throat) Under the Rainbow! Boy! It took some balls to kid that classic, I guess, Carrie,

huh? I mean, it was a takeoff on "Over the Rainbow," am I right?

CARRIE: I guess so. But Chevy, Chevy Chase, I mean, who's in it with me,

you know, kept saying he didn't want a lot of Judy Garland fag crap, he called it, in there, so...

(Clunk.)

RICHARD:...the majority of our readers, you know? Okay, one more time. Ready? (Clears throat)

Carrie Fisher! Sensational!

You look great, Carrie!

CARRIE: Thanks.

RICHARD: Let's talk a little bit about your career, okay?

You...oh, shit.

CARRIE: What's wrong?

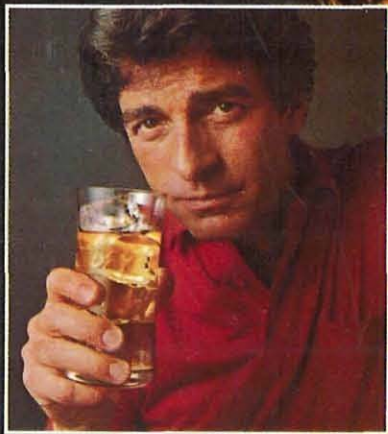
RICHARD: Tape's running out. Sorry. Shit. Listen, give me a min...

CARRIE: Well, actually, I've got to...

(Ke-thunk. Ke-thunk. Ke-thunk...) □



**"I never
knew
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tasted
like
this!"**



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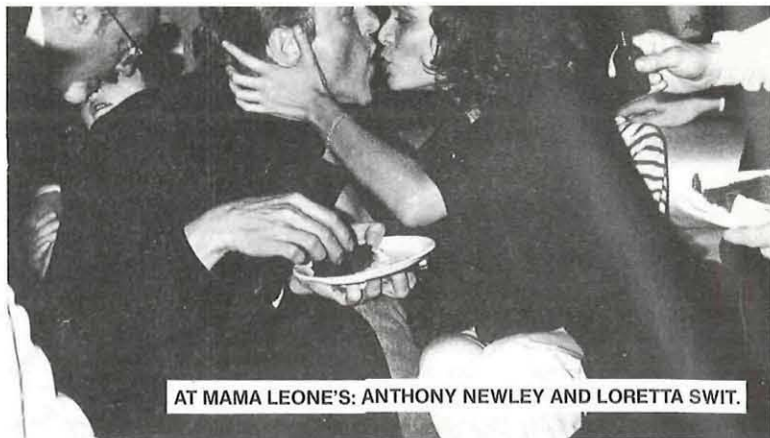


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BOB COLIFORMO'S

DOWN & OUT



AT MAMA LEONE'S: ANTHONY NEWLEY AND LORETTA SWIT.

in the City: The Fall of New York

**TUESDAY,
NOVEMBER 10, 1981**

Brrrrrrr—some brrrrisk autumn weather out there! And what better way to ward off that November nip than with an old-fashioned barn raising, New York style! Mayor ED KOCH sent out exclusive invitations to the city's top 50,000 celebrities to participate in a little urban renewal—to help put up a high-rise, low-income apartment complex in Spanish Harlem. And what a galaxy of stars turned out: HUNTZ HALL, AL "Grandpa Munster" LEWIS, BIANCA JAGGER's chauffeur, ME, a guy who looks like STEPHEN SONDHEIM, and SAMMY DAVIS SR. Everyone pitched in, and by the end of the afternoon, we had slapped together the forty-story building and moved all the tenants in. We had so much fun that no one minded when the place came crumbling to the ground the next day. Except, of course, the people who lived (and subsequently died) there, among them LUIS RIVERA, JOSÉ and MARIA LOPEZ, CHI CHI VEGA, and dozens of others, too poor to mention.

**THURSDAY,
NOVEMBER 12, 1981**

Whoo-oosh! Only a stiff gust of wind and the promise of a

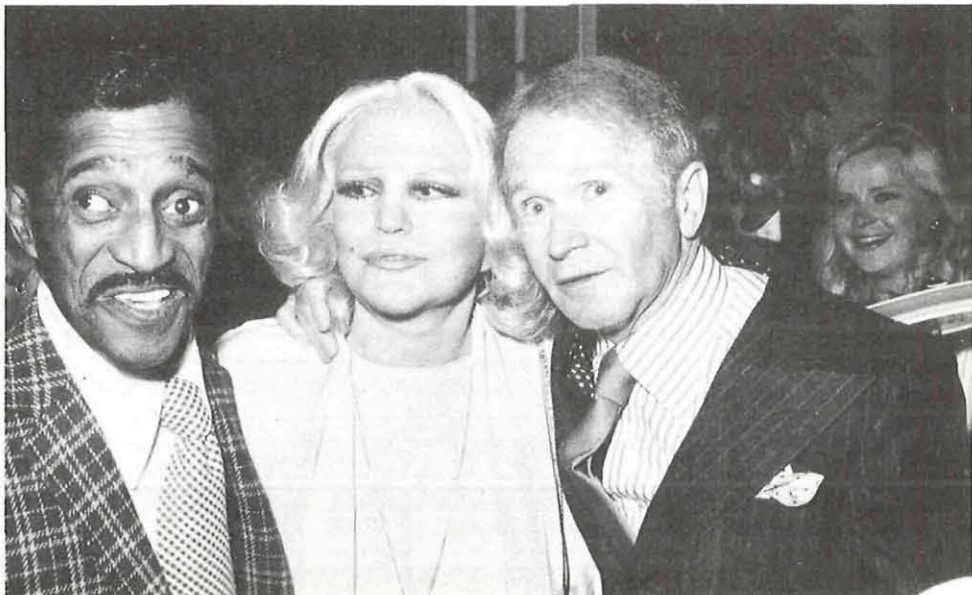
cheap dinner managed to get me out on a cold night like this. JAKE LA MOTTA, who has come into a little money since *Raging Bull*, has obviously decided to run it back into the ground with his newest restaurant venture, the STEAK AND BRUISE. It's an all-you-can-eat smorgasbord, but when Jake thinks you've had enough, he sends over one of his staff (all former boxing champs) to punch you out. I had barely started my salad—made with RED PEPPERS, ROMAINE LETTUCE, and OLIVE OIL—when my waiter, GEORGE FOREMAN, walked up and broke my nose. No one at the opening managed to go

the distance with the waiters except half-ton symphony orchestra conductor SARAH CALDWELL, who emerged battered and bloodied, but happy, after fifteen rounds with the pastry table.

**WEDNESDAY,
NOVEMBER 18, 1981**

Ooooooh, it was a frosty night outside, but it was red hot inside the Plaza Hotel, at the premiere party for American International Pictures' newest release, *The Day Christ Was Shot*. The invite I received was obviously meant for ex-HEW secretary JOSEPH CALIFANO, but I wasn't about to complain. I engaged director BRIAN

Blow Out DE PALMA with the story of my recent operation, only to have him leave in mid sentence. Who'd think such a scary-movie maker would be so squeamish? Another surprisingly poor conversationalist there was DICK CAVETT, who could think of no *bons mots* to match my humorous anecdotes about my neighbor's kids. But I forgave him—Dick's too caught up with his new lady love, ERMA BOMBECK. Erma, two decades his senior, was celebrating her sixty-sixth birthday that night—that's over four hundred in dog years! I asked Dick if he was first attracted to the relatively old woman



ROGER VADIM, SISSY SPACEK, AND GEORGE HAMILTON AT TOP OF THE SIXES.

by her electric-razor-sharp wit. "What, then—" he quipped, "—her looks?"

**FRIDAY,
NOVEMBER 20, 1981**

Urrrrrrgh—that chill you feel in the air is the cold shoulder I'm giving *enfant horrible* STEVEN (Remember 1941?) SPIELBERG. It seems Steve neglected to invite YOURS TRULY to his most recent party, and then had me removed when I tried to get in. Who wanted to go to his old party anyhow? I imagine his guests were HOMER SEXUAL, LES BIAN, GAY POWER, ANNA LINGUS, and BUDD FUK, if you catch my drift. If you don't catch my drift, what I'm saying is that I bet all his FRIENDS are HOMOS.

**THURSDAY,
NOVEMBER 26, 1981**

Jeeee-sus! It's cold as a gravedigger's ass—or RUPERT MURDOCH's heart—tonight. Only Murdoch, the nasty *New York Post* publisher, would throw a Thanksgiving party and invite only diseased celebrities. Everyone was there, from SUSAN "Cancer" SONTAG and GEORGE "Blind from Birth" SHEARING to TATUM "Stomach Ulcers" O'NEAL and GARY "Kidney Disease" COLEMAN. Ruthless Rupert even went so far as to use jittery KATE "Parkinson's Disease" HEPBURN as a cocktail shaker. I had taken the liberty of inviting MYSELF, since I was suffering from the SNIFFLES (obviously due to this damnable weather of late). However, I left quickly—disgusted with Murdoch and afraid I might catch something—but not before picking up the hottest rumor to hit this town in years. It cost me five bucks—this was from a very RELIABLE SOURCE—but I'm giving it to you for free. Ready? JERRY "Leave It to Beaver" MATHERS was killed in Vietnam during the sixties. Remember, you heard it here first. □

GLOBE PHOTOS (6)



JULIE CHRISTIE CELEBRATED HER BIRTHDAY AT LE CIRQUE WITH CARLOS "THE JACKAL," AMONG OTHERS.



RICHARD GERE, KRISTY McNICHOL, AND EARL CAMPBELL AT BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S.



BARBARA WALTERS AT STUDIO 54.
BIANCA JAGGER AND ROY COHN AT JOSH AND NEDDA LOGAN'S 100TH ANNIVERSARY PARTY.



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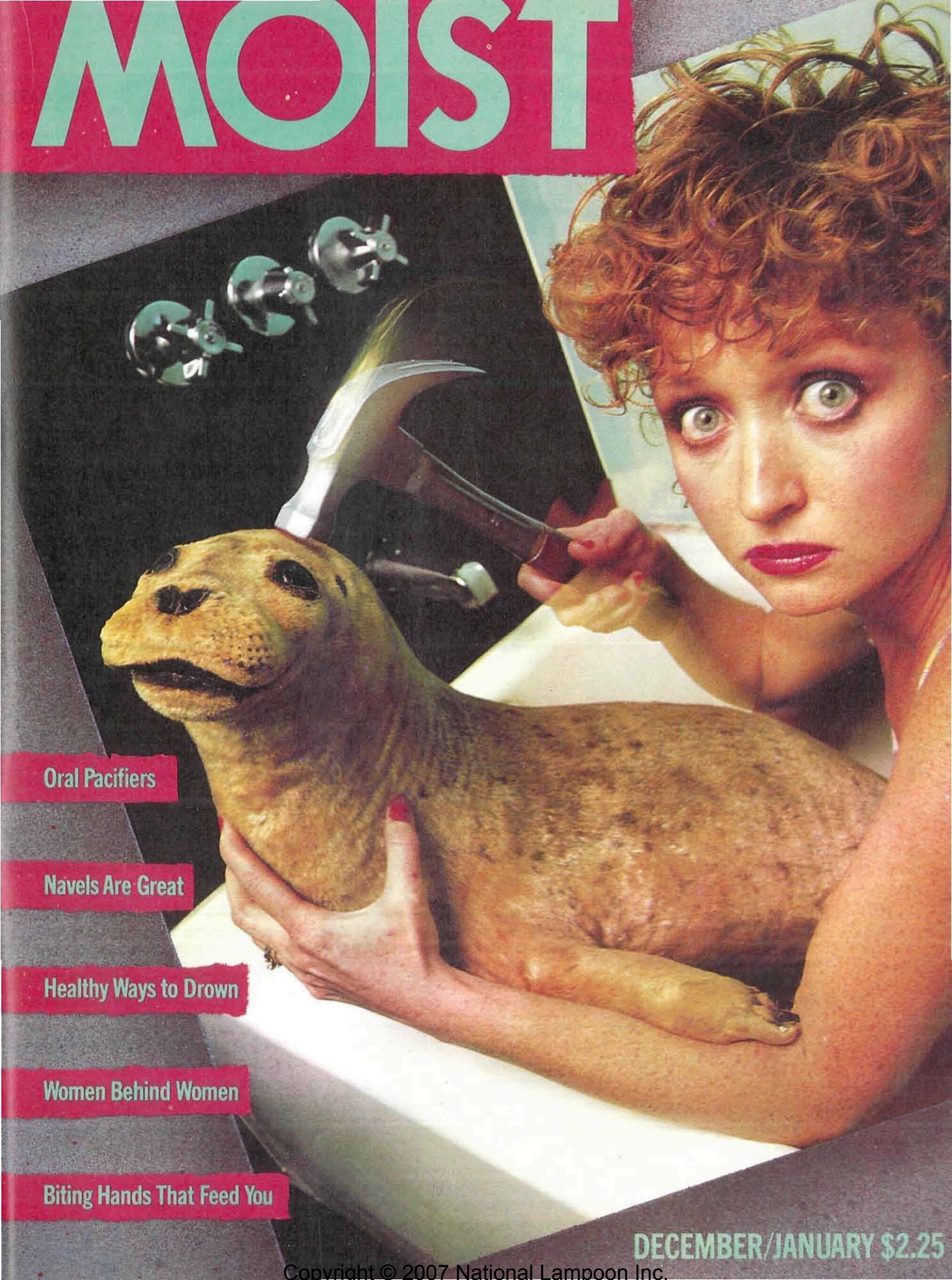
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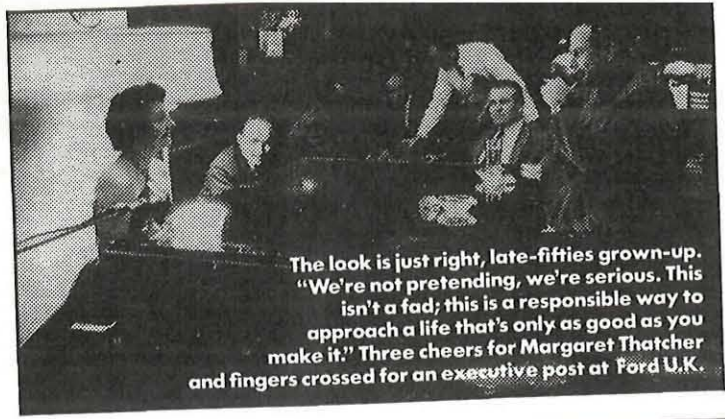
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Music for Lovers

The grim, dreary polemic of punk is dead. The New Wave has crested. No Wave, power pop, Euro-funk, and Blitz are as flat as three-day-old beer. Denim has disappeared; spiky blue hair is gone forever. Cries of "No future" seem as old and tired as "Give peace a chance" and "I'm going through some changes, man." The new cry is "Can I get you a refill, Jim?" Martini music, cocktail clubs, couples and canapés. London is owned at the moment by a new breed of trendies who look back upon the simpler times enjoyed by the grandparents. They bemoan the necessary labels that the press gives them but inevitably accept the handle "Moodies," taken from the style of music they have adopted. The movement is more than music—it's a style of dress, an attitude, and, most of all, a lively and growing nightlife. The young men in their butch hair-

Billy Conniff, Wally Walters, and the Carlsons are joined by their fans at London's trendy nighterie the Rec Room. "If you can't mix a good martini, you probably shouldn't have kids!"



The look is just right, late-fifties grown-up. "We're not pretending, we're serious. This isn't a fad; this is a responsible way to approach a life that's only as good as you make it." Three cheers for Margaret Thatcher and fingers crossed for an executive post at Ford U.K.

cuts and sharkskin suits and the girls in sack dresses with picture-book hats stroll the Kings Road chatting about business, furniture, and creeping communism. And always in couples. Hands held, doors opened for the ladies... politeness and good manners reign.

Bob and Betty Carlson (nés Rank Sledge and Darcy Dead) typify the New Mood. Bob greets you with a firm handshake and a loud, enthusiastic "How the hell are you, fella?" He makes a proper introduction of Betty. "I'd like you to meet my wife, Betty." And Betty replies with a chirp, "A pleasure meeting you. Bob's told me so much about you!" Though not really man and wife, they play it as though they were. "Gee whiz, guys and gals are made for one another. We don't go in for that balmy mate chasing," Bob explains. "Oh, I'll eyeball a good-looking pair of legs every now and then, but Betty knows we were made for each other!" Betty concurs. "Besides, she's a great cook!"

They own the Campus Togger, where the latest in Mood clothes are selling, as Bob says, "like hotcakes." Narrow-lapel mohair suits, wing-tip oxfords, tube dresses in pink and black, bermuda shorts and knee socks, cashmere sweaters, cardigans... "The look is respectable," Betty contends. "Punk was so... scruffy and nonconformist!"

Nonconformity is very much out. Oddballs, those marching to the beat of a different drummer, are frowned upon as upstarts and "kooks." Sameness is the key. Pianist Jock Bridges, founder of the seminal Four Fellas band, explains that the New Mood has no place for the nonconformist and quotes an IBM memo written in 1956: "Like thinking people, like people."

The music is founded in mood music, the music for lovers that was popular with adults throughout the fifties and into the sixties. The lush, romantic strings, the moody, jazz-related horns and piano. Clean, undistorted guitars in the style of Les Paul and Wes Montgomery. Morgana King, Peggy Lee, Shirley Bassey, Doris Day, and Toni Arden serve as inspiration for the new generation of women singers. Damone, Belafonte, Nat King Cole, and Johnnie Ray are the prime influences on the honey-smooth crooners working the London nightclubs. "We're into melody and feeling," says Joe Johnson, of the

New London Swingers, "friendly music, music to enjoy in front of a roaring fire with a girl you feel very special about!"

The roots of the New Mood go back to 1976, when Billy Conniff (né Blackledge) first met Wally Walters (né Mick Davies) in a London department store. As Billy Conniff tells it, "They had on this store music, junk music, and I found myself humming along to the 'Song from the Moulin Rouge' by Percy Faith. Wally was queuing up to buy some cuff links and he asked me what song that I was humming and I told him. He said he thought it sounded great and I agreed." Both young men were playing with postpunk New Wave bands and had grown weary of songs about the disaffected. "We were singing about bloody buildings and corrupt politics and TV," Wally says with a smirk, "when all the time there were beautiful things like women and scented breezes and sentimental evenings to sing about."

Billy and Wally formed a group called the Wonderful Lads, with Wally playing a Liberace-like piano and Billy supplying the Johnny Mathis-inspired vocals. The big rock clubs shunned their brand of sweet cocktail music and the group fell apart. But Billy and Wally were determined to get their message across. They found that their style of music was popular among older married couples who had grown up with the style and were enjoying it still in weekend supper clubs around London. Billy and Wally began playing for this crowd at a London restaurant, the New Cork Club.

Their gigs were met with approval by the nostalgia-seeking oldsters, but Billy and Wally wanted to attract an audience closer to their own age, people not looking back but looking forward. They persuaded the owner of the club to rent them the facility on a slow night—a Tuesday—for a cocktail-party evening. Flyers were printed and passed out up and down the Kings Road. The flyer read simply, "Cocktails at eight. Coats and ties, please."

Word spread quickly, and within a few weeks the New Cork Club was jammed with disenfranchised punks in suits and ties, cocktail dresses and heels, sipping dry martinis and Manhattans and enjoying the music of Kostelanez, Roger Williams, the Benny Goodman

combo, Eartha Kitt, and Les Brown. A door policy kept out the "kooks" and piqued the curiosity of the rock press. When Rolling Stone Mick Jagger sought entrance to the club he was barred for being "unkempt and high on dope."

By this time Conniff and Walters had formed another group, the Moonglows, with bass player Chuck Lawson and drummer Mitch Lester. They polished their act at the New Cork Club and soon began playing at the Mood clubs that were springing up all over London.

London's nightlife was bursting at the seams. Show clubs like Another Martoon! feature cabaret comics. The Old Barn is a hootenanny club featuring old-fashioned sing-alongs. Another sing-along club, Mitch's Den, is fashioned after the Mitch Miller television program, with a cast of singers inviting guests to join in on such hoary old hits as "Yellow Rose of Texas," "Down by the Old Mill Stream," "I've Been Working on the Railroad," and "That's Where My Money Goes." 716 Maple Street is an outdoor café that features barbecued hot dogs and hamburgers and sponsors its own Great Books club. The Sunny Side of the Street, and its house band, the Cool Canaries, offers games of charades and I Spy during band breaks. The mood is light and fun. "We all work hard during the day to earn a buck," says one 716 Maple Street patron. "And we enjoy getting together with the gang and letting our hair down!"

Whether or not America will buy this recapitulation of its popular history remains to be seen. The Moonglows, the Calypso Combo, Tammi and Terri, and the Fabulous Fantastic have signed with American record companies after dominating the British record charts for months. There are signs that the movement is taking hold in New York and in Los Angeles, where groups of young people are pooling money to purchase suburban houses, which they use for weekend cocktail parties. Gin sales are on the upswing, and Mitch Miller sing-along kinescopes are showing up on cable TV.

The Moonglows, who kick off an American tour next month, are interested in seeing if their message—Drink up and have a swell time!—will be greeted with the same enthusiasm they've received in England. "If it weren't for the American suburbs, this music and this style would be nowhere," says Billy Conniff. He is looking forward to visiting such places as Grosse Pointe, Michigan; Glenview, Illinois; Jericho, Long Island; and Tarzana, California — cities and villages he calls "the birthplace of mood music." He's also hoping to catch Pearly Mae, Pearl Bailey, in Las Vegas. "She's the cream of the crop. A marvelous singer and a heck of a nice gal."



Long forgotten in the USA, Mitch Miller is a cult hero to the young British Moodies, who treasure the old songs and enjoy the warmth and friendliness of a group sing. Mr. Miller's baton is the symbol of the new sing-along generation. The goatee is back and so are candy-striped bow-tie-down casual shirts.

SINGER IN THE R

Photography by James Wojcik

1.

Isaac Bashevis Singer, seventy-seven, great writer and Nobel Prize winner, gets caught in a heavy rainstorm without an umbrella. He's not sure if he can afford to get soaking wet, because he's an old man and he might catch a bad cold, which could lead to complications. No umbrella, no raincoat, no hat. What's an old, cranky, arthritic Jewish writer to do?



2.

Isaac finds a newspaper and puts it over his head. The *New York Post*. What a piece of crap. It falls apart. Content and form are one and the same. Meanwhile, Isaac is getting wetter.



3.

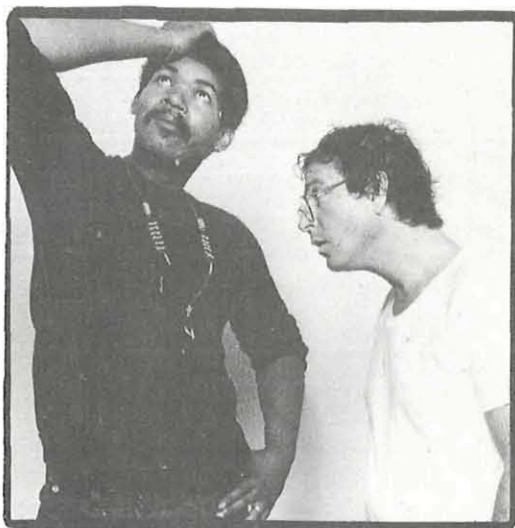
Maybe this will do the trick. A plastic bag. Ick! Isaac forgot to look inside. It still has some garbage in it. Coffee grounds. Fish bones. God knows what else. Life imitates art. Even our rainwater is polluted.



4.

What luck! An umbrella man!

ISAAC: How much are they?
 UMBRELLA MAN: Twelve bucks.
 ISAAC: Twelve dollars for that piece of junk? I got five umbrellas better than that one at home. I paid ten dollars for all of them.
 UMBRELLA MAN: Well, why don't you go home and get them for me? I'll buy them from you for twenty, if it's still raining.
 ISAAC: Don't be such a wiseheimer. I'll give you two dollars.
 UMBRELLA MAN: Tell your story walking, Mac. You're getting soaked.
 ISAAC: You're an anti-Semite.
 UMBRELLA MAN: I'm a capitalist. If you want an umbrella, it'll cost you ten bucks.
 ISAAC: I'll give you three.
 UMBRELLA MAN: Go fuck yourself. Eight is my last offer.
 ISAAC: Four.
 UMBRELLA MAN: Umbrellas! Get your umbrellas! Get away, old man, you're blocking the merch.



77

5.

There was nothing left for Isaac to do but protect himself with one of his own books. Too bad it was a paperback.





I first thought of spilling things on people when I was a boy at boarding school in Switzerland. It was during a class on the poetry of Milton that it came to me. *Not enough people have things spilled on them*, I thought, *and this is the source of the world's fashion problems*. It was then that I realized I was a genius destined to become the world's foremost fashion photographer, courted by princesses and royalty alike.

At first I was timid. I hadn't grasped the parameters of my own boldness. I poured salt into cans of Coca-Cola, observing it fizz and bubble over, spilling a sticky mess all over the breasts of my willing models. Bare breasts bobbling in sugary froth lent an eerie pizzazz to my pictures that brought my work to the attention of the local police in my parochial village in the Tyrolean Alps. Having been warned of a police raid by the local fashion underground, my models and I escaped on skis in the night. Later we would take up residence in the Olympic Village of the Games of 1934, where my giggling girls and I spilled many buckets of confetti on sweating weight lifters. It was all part of the kinky high of the winter of 1934.

I soon moved on to larger things. The authorities found the Bulgarian slalom champion buried under a truckload of mushy pancake mix; so my entourage and I were forced to flee to the fashion freedom of New York City, where my talents would be appreciated. Like Galileo before me, I was ostracized by the very people I sought to please, forced to submit to an outmoded code that stunted my creative play. I had said what could not be said: *People like to have things spilled on them*.

I soon began to happen all over New York. A mention in the dailies, then an invite to breakfast with the mayor, where Mr. La Guardia asked me to spill a glass of orange juice into his lap. It was a short hop from there to a seat on the Commodities Options Commission of Exchange and, later, the position of secretary of the interior for Mr. Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt would be the first to admit that he enjoyed a good drink tossed in his face at parties. I obliged the man his whimsies.

Spilling bowls of gazpacho over the heads of various ambassadors from all over the world became my *thing* for a while. I tried to arrive at interesting conjunctions: pea soup with ham hunks over the head of the Venezuelan ambassador, cold cherry soup over the head of the British ambassador... it all became a blur after a while. (Incidentally, the entire British legation followed suit by pouring milk over their heads, so their ambassador would not feel ill-at-ease in his soupy imbroglio. Bravo, British legation, bravo.) Soon, spilling soup and tossing drinks in people's faces became the thing to do at parties. Never one to be outdone, Eleanor Roosevelt began tossing drinks into the faces of little orphan children from all over the world. It was after she dunked a child's head into the crystal punch bowl given to Mrs. Abe Lincoln by the people of France that the authorities came and took her away.



Mrs. Roosevelt had ruined it for everyone. She had once again spoiled Washington's fun with her immature antics. I fled the city in disgrace. This time my models refused to leave behind their lucrative positions as cabinet members. Alone, bedraggled, desperate, I took the only job I could find at the time: I became a sycophantic, hypochondriacal dipsomaniac playboy among the media fawns of Hollywood. It was at this point that I began pushing people into pools.

I didn't enjoy pushing people into pools; it was just an expression of my alienation from my own body and an artistic *wanderlust* that made me jaded to the American system's devaluation of liquids of all kinds. My soul was bound up in every shove.

William Holden was the first of many. He came over to me, shook my hand,

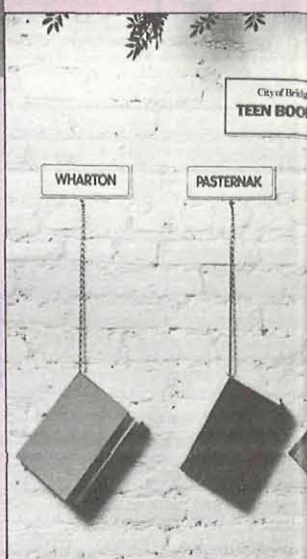
and told me he was an admirer of my work. I wrenched his wrist down to my knee, planted my fist in his armpit, and heaved him heavenward. As he went over, his drink spilled on my shoes. This enraged Robert Mitchum to such a degree that he actually tossed all three of the Gabor sisters into the pool with Bill Holden. One thing led to another and before anyone knew what was happening, Ingmar Bergman was herding whole groups of people into the pool. "Ja, ja, now we go into the pool like Laplanders of old, ja," he said in his wonderful singsong voice. And, you know, we had a wingding of a time. We really did.

One thing I remember very distinctly was that *Natalie Wood jumped into the pool by herself*. Shelley Winters will back me up on this. Also, James Dean wouldn't get his hair wet.

Today I am not so wild. Today I am an artist of the first water. Today I cook up batches of flapjacks in my kitchen and stack them twenty or thirty high on a plate that balances on the belly of a beautiful model. Models are my medium; I do what I wish to them. And what I wish is to kill them and slit them open and spill their blood on the pancakes. So I do this thing and enjoy the spilling of it. There are those who whine and complain that this is wrong, that I am taking a life when I do this thing. But, no, I answer, I am giving the model my life, my art, my pancakes. This is my gift to them; my flapjacks are the best in New York. This is my credo, this is my artistic guarantee: *blood on the flapjacks* is my fashion statement for all time. If you don't believe me, I will toss my drink in your face, for I am Helmut Newton.

The New Literacy

by Tod Carroll



80

Young Americans are reading novels, poetry, and plays voraciously, passionately, classical works by the world's greatest, most influential writers—Homer, Chaucer, Aquinas, More, Becket, Zola, Marx, Descartes, Fitzgerald, Erasmus, Voltaire, Thackeray, Camus, Emerson, Moliere, Vergil, Lawrence, Tennyson, Proust, Maugham, Pushkin, Plutarch, and hundreds more. The variety and depth of the reading diet of today's New Literates seem extraordinary.

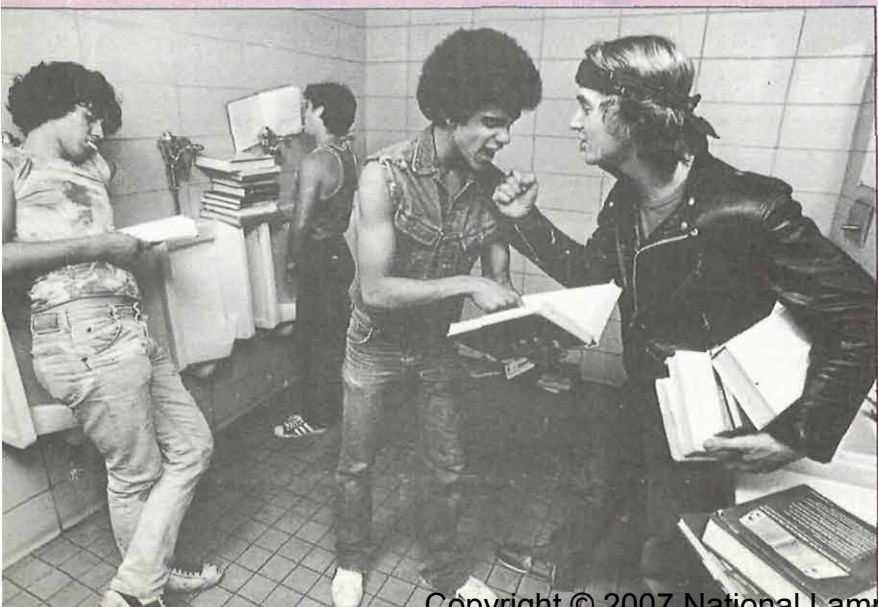
Libraries and bookstores are overflowing with insatiable hordes, after school, on Friday and Saturday nights as ardent New Literates try to outstrip their friends, or rivals, as the case may be, by reading and retaining greater and more complex amounts of material. Massive historical volumes are devoured at single continuous marathon sittings; ancient tomes are digested during lunch periods, on school buses, between classes, often directly from original, unwieldy trans-

lations. Thousands of local book clubs, established and run by New Literates, buy books in money-saving quantities, provide quiet, conducive reading places, and promote the sharing of reviews and criticism among individual members and with other clubs. As one high-school senior in Steeltown, Pennsylvania, puts it, "Reading's the thing!"

Although educators and scholars are pleased, if not a little surprised, by the phenomenon, most are at a loss to explain its origin. "You know kids," observes a veteran principal; "some quirky thing, something 'different' catches on with a popular crowd and pretty soon every student on campus has to follow suit. In our case, a senior basketball player read a copy of *Heart of Darkness* in the cafeteria, and within a week all of his social group and then the entire school were reading *Heart of Darkness*." When asked if he knew what caused the basketball player to bring a book to the cafeteria in the first place, the principal shrugged, then speculated that the boy may have picked up the idea from a friend at another school.

As with any popular trend, there is no shortage of claimants to the title of "We Did It First." Members of a high-school book guild in Jackson, Mississippi, say that six months ago they found a copy of *God Is an Englishman*, by R. F. Delderfield, in an alley behind a girl's home and, as a prank, began calling her family at all hours of the night and reading them passages from the book. Several weeks later, however, having recited the entire book, the students found they enjoyed the story so much that they decided to find more books and ultimately organized the first and oldest continuously active student book guild in the United States. A host of individual New Literates contend, however, that their reading experience predates the Jackson groups; one high-school sophomore in southern Illinois goes so far as to offer as evidence a logbook listing every title he has ever read. The first entry, dated July 10, 1980, would appear to confirm him as the nation's senior New Literate, but challenges to his position are certain to arise as more and more New Literates compete for literary supremacy.

How long will the New Literacy survive? "It's happening," one New Literate exults. "It's a way of life, what we do, who we are forever." Another New Literate answers, "...Till there aren't any more books or poems or plays left for us to read."

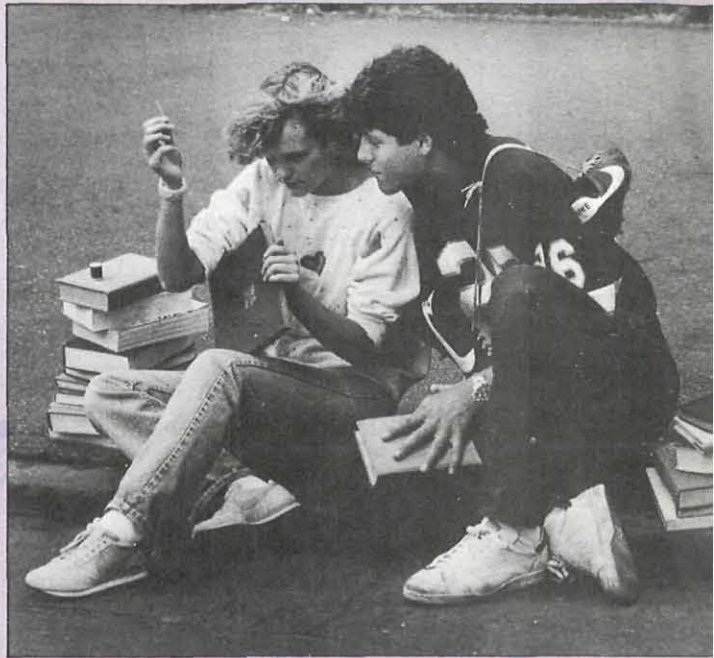


Heated disputations are not infrequent among the New Literates. Here, fifteen-year-old Barney Caldwell of Texarkana City High School stridently rebuts a criticism of author Samuel Coleridge, Barney's favorite.

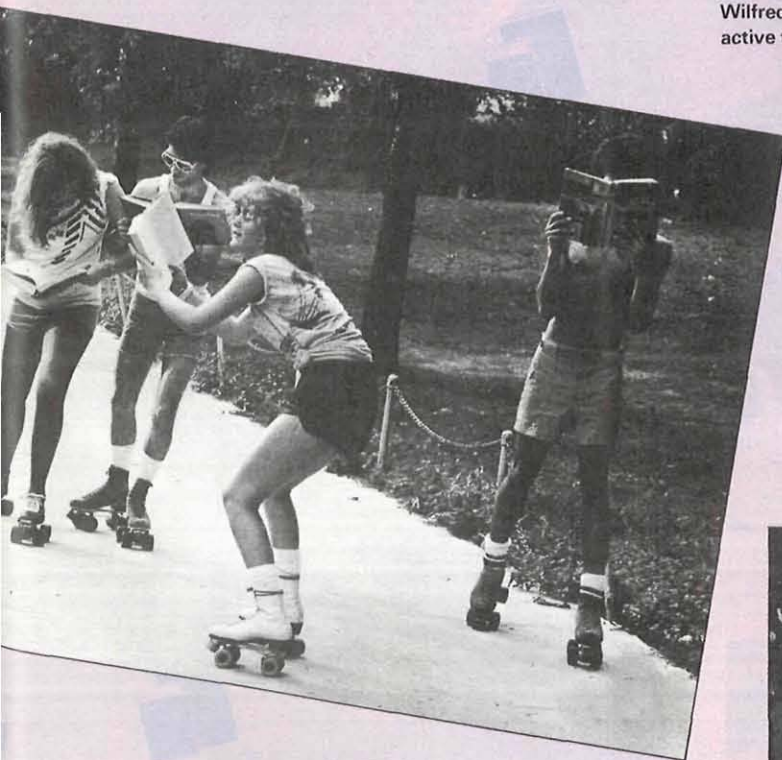
DAN NELKEN 4



Many towns and civic organizations have recognized the New Literates by providing free outdoor book bars, like this twenty-four-hour, wall-mounted mini library in Bridgeport, Connecticut.



Bookbinding skills are de rigueur among New Literates, especially when hoary first editions like Joel Hock's copy of *Lake Lyrics*, by Wilfred Campbell, are forced to endure the bounce and bustle of active teenage life.



Read 'n' roll, as the combination of reading and roller skating is popularly termed among New Literates, is a perfect way to avoid the cramped feeling that sometimes accompanies long reading periods in small rooms or in uncomfortable chairs. These New Literates, members of the Li'l Dickensonians book club in East Los Angeles, say their reading comprehension improves 25 percent in natural light.

"Reading and driving don't mix," or so goes the slogan put forth by safety officials, who seem to be waging a losing battle against New Literates who insist on reading behind the wheel. "If you're in the middle of a book," police advise, "have someone else drive you home, or stay put until you finish." The driver of the car pictured below is reported to have died instantly, his ability to see oncoming traffic totally impeded by an open copy of Henry Kissinger's *The White House Years* that investigators found propped on the dashboard.



WIDE WORLD



“9 to 5 I sell stocks.
Weekends, I bust loose with my buddies & Cuervo.”



BUST LOOSE!
CUERVO & ROCKS



CUERVO ESPECIAL • TEQUILA 40%
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Make two great kids happy this Christmas!



RONALD G. HARRIS

That's George and Howard up there. They are in charge of merchandise sales for *National Lampoon*. Make their Christmas a merry one by buying *National Lampoon* gifts this yuletide. They get a bonus if we sell a lot of these gifts, so really go crazy. In addition to making George and Howard happy, you'll make the recipient of such Christmas delights as the

National Lampoon baseball jacket, *National Lampoon* special editions, and other holiday traditions euphoric. *National Lampoon* gifts are Christmas! Like the hearth, the wreath, and the goose.

Make this Christmas a happy one ...
For everybody.
God bless you!

National Lampoon Baseball Jacket

The jacket of champions. Perfect for anybody who cheats at baseball or would just like to look sharp and with-it in this honest-to-goodness silklike team jacket. A great favorite with baseball players, Ping Pong players, and gentlemen and ladies of all sports.



(TS-1030) \$29.95

National Lampoon Frog Shirt

These incredibly popular polo shirts sport the magazine's distinctive, distinguished symbol, a double-amputee frog.

This poor fellow is your guarantee that you are wearing the finest. Anybody can wear an alligator. You or the recipient of your gift will be very special with "The Frog." Available in white (\$12.95), yellow, or blue (\$13.95).



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A collection of the best material from the first ten years of *National Lampoon*. Elegantly hardbound for your library or coffee table, to read, to show off.

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Part One of a two-part series containing the very funniest *National Lampoon* material ever published.

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Obviously Part Two of a two-volume series, containing the other half of the very best *National Lampoon* material ever published.

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National Lampoon White Album

National Lampoon's latest record album, starring John Belushi, Chevy Chase, Alice Playten, and other *National Lampoon* alumni.

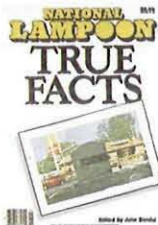
(A-1003) ... \$7.95



National Lampoon True Facts Book

The latest special edition off the NatLamp presses. Here's a collection of the most hilarious, honest-to-goodness True Facts ever collected. A book to be read, reread, and then carried under the arm when boarding airplanes.

(BO-1036) \$2.95



National Lampoon Black Sox Softball Jersey

This good-appearing baseball jersey is a clean-made garment that is certain to give satisfaction. It is exactly the one worn by the famous *National Lampoon* Black Sox; yet it lacks the odor of use, as it is an entirely new product.

(TS-1027) \$6.00



National Lampoon High School Yearbook Parody

The most popular American book of parody ever published. A must for anyone who ever attended high school.

(BO-1007A) Deluxe Edition \$4.95



National Lampoon Duffel Bag



A canvas bag for your T-shirts, baseball mitt, and old *National Lampoons*. (TS-1033) \$13.95

National Lampoon Foto Funnies

If you love Foto Funnies, you'll want to give or keep this book of the best of that art ever published in the magazine.



(BO-1034) \$2.95

National Lampoon Hat

One of the most select novelties of the season, this hat is a strictly high-grade item and should not be confused with similar items of central-African manufacture. To own one of these is to own a hat.



(TS-1032) \$5.95

National Lampoon Mona Gorilla T-shirt

Since 1970, Mona Gorilla has represented *National Lampoon*. Only Mona has that gioconda smile. Identifies you or your giftee as a member of the literati. (TS-1019) \$3.95

National Lampoon "That's Not Funny, That's Sick" T-shirt The amusing shirt favored by actors and *artistes* involved in the touring theatrical production of the same name. Yet no one wearing this shirt will be ushered to poor seats in an eatery. (TS-1026) \$4.95

National Lampoon's New Animal House Baseball Jersey For fans of the film, and a terrific shirt to boot! (TS-1031) \$6.00

National Lampoon Sunday Newspaper Parody The clearest example of fine drollery issued. A sequel to the High School Yearbook Parody, it resembles a small-town Sunday newspaper, the Dacron Republican-Democrat. Profusely illustrated. (BO-1021) \$4.95

National Lampoon's Old-style Animal House Baseball Jersey Traditional-style Animal House baseball jersey. Comes complete and entire, with no difficult sleeves to assemble, and in sizes that fit all but the enormous or obese. (TS-1028) \$6.00

The Greatest Hits of the National Lampoon Chevy Chase, John Belushi, Bill Murray, and a basic field of superstars who used to be part of the *Nat Lamp* family, on record. (A-1002) \$7.95

National Lampoon's Animal House Book Again, for fans of the film. Tells the whole story plus, and also has loads of photos and illustrations. From the biggest comedy of all time. (BO-1024) \$2.95, Deluxe Edition \$4.95

That's Not Funny, That's Sick! Phonograph album that includes Bill Murray, Christopher Guest, and other great talents on wax. (A-1001) \$6.95

National Lampoon's Book of Books Mr. Jeff Greenfield has fulfilled a great need for a book in which all other books are humorously synthesized. An appropriate guide to what goes on between the covers of less interesting books. (BO-1031) \$8.95

National Lampoon's Animal House T-shirt We have sold thousands of this very beautiful and finished garment. Shirt is durable and of superior value. Several worn one above the other give the illusion of physique and muscularity. (TS-1029) \$4.95

National Lampoon Sweatshirt Specially crafted so that you sweat and laugh at the same time. Available in navy with white lettering, white with red lettering, and gray with black lettering. (TS-1034) \$12.95

The Best of National Lampoon #3 Much sought by collectors, this quality item contains humor from the years 1971-72, and a copy is held as the jewel of the collection by Prince Louis Battenberg-Guernsey. (BO-1003) \$2.50

The Best of National Lampoon #4 Antiquarians and Egyptologists find much to delight in, in this collection. (BO-1006) \$2.50



The Best of National Lampoon #5 1973 and '74 were vintage years for the humor crop. Some of the great jokes in this fine volume are only just now reaching the fullness of their maturity. (BO-1008) **\$2.50**

The Best of National Lampoon #7 Contains the best humor satire of the years 1975 and '76. Some of the guffaws in here have been classified as sizable by men who build large ships. (BO-1014) **\$2.50**

The Best of National Lampoon #8 Recently published, this collection is held by professors and the clergy to be the epitome of humor collections. (BO-1025) **\$3.95**

National Lampoon Good Parts (1978-1980) (Best of #9) Our latest collection of ribaldries, drolleries, and everything you need to perform the natural functions, with the exception of toiletries. (BO-1026) **\$3.95**

The National Lampoon Encyclopedia of Humor The second-biggest-selling book of parody in the history of North America. Edited by Michael O'Donoghue and crafted by some of the funniest writers and artists ever to create an encyclopedia. (BO-1005) **\$2.50**

The Very Large Book of Comical Funnies A hundred and a lot of odd pages of comics. Very funny comics. (BO-1011) **\$2.50**

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National Lampoon Binder (BN-1009) with all twelve issues from 1981. **\$16.00 each.**

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Please indicate what *National Lampoon* products you would like us to send for Christmas. Enclose check or money order. Place in envelope and send to: **National Lampoon, Dept. NL 1281 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022**

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Please enclose \$1.00 for postage and handling for each order under \$5.00, and \$1.50 for orders over \$5.00. New York State residents, please add 8 percent sales tax.

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Please read the gift coupon carefully and fill it out according to the directions. If you want to send more than one gift subscription, please type or print the information and send it along with the coupon and the required payment. As soon as we get your order, the recipient(s) of your gift will get a Christmas card from the *National Lampoon* telling them that you have sent them a gift subscription. Soon after, they'll get their first copy of the magazine.

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- Two-year subscription to *National Lampoon* \$17.95
- Three-year subscription to *National Lampoon* \$24.95

For gift subscriptions to Canada, Mexico, and all other foreign countries, please add \$5.00 per order.

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A subscription for yourself? Nothing could be easier.

Yes, I want to take advantage of this offer now. Send me a subscription. Here's my check or money order, payable to: National Lampoon Dept. NL 1281, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

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The Sabra Egg Cream

*Delicious
never tasted
so good.*

*How to make a
Sabra Egg Cream:*

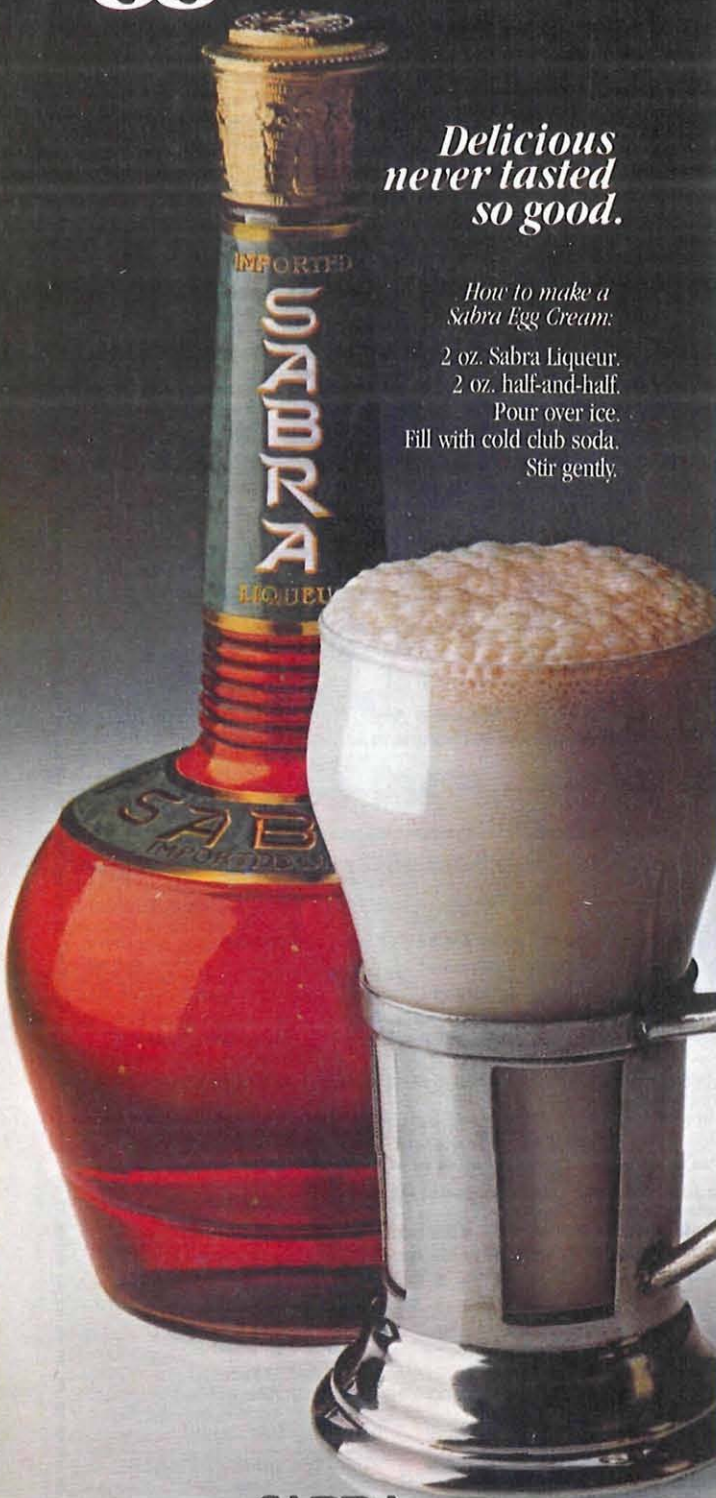
2 oz. Sabra Liqueur.

2 oz. half-and-half.

Pour over ice.

Fill with cold club soda.

Stir gently.



SABRA
Imported Orange Chocolate Liqueur.

PARK AVENUE IMPORTS N.Y.C. 52 PROOF

LETTERS

continued from page 21

Sirs:

I just don't understand the popularity of "Quincy." I mean, here's a guy who can eat cold chop suey with one hand, while the other hand is fumbling around inside a moldy stiff that he's just flayed open from stem to sternum. Especially with my face. Who could believe that this guy is *simpatico*?

Jack Klugman
Hollywood

Sirs:

I believe it. Watch for me next season in "Potato Face: Gynecologist."

Karl Malden
Hollywood

Sirs:

Listen to how my friend got busted at customs. He was coming back from a trip to Colombia and the customs guy asked him, "How long did you stay?" And my friend replied, "One hour." Stupid, stupid, stupid.

Bob Skeets
Vail, Colo.

Sirs:

As our First Lady, I've initiated a new program. "Keep America Taste-ful" recognizes the importance of protecting the U.S. from outside influences. Danish Modern has already been outlawed, except for some of those cute little stacking tables, and all Haitian cotton has been deported by the immigration authorities. Taste-reeducation camps have been built to train uncooperative homosexual interior decorators to eschew track lighting and learn to love drapes that have hunting dogs and ducks on them. Vice-President Bush will address the nation next week on the importance of the symmetrical display of knick-knacks. Educational programs through the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare will require welfare mothers and masseuses to complete at least ninety hours of study of place settings and creative centerpieces before qualifying for federal funds. This is the only way we can rebuild the moral fiber of our nation. I hope you will join President Reagan and me in our Fight for Taste.

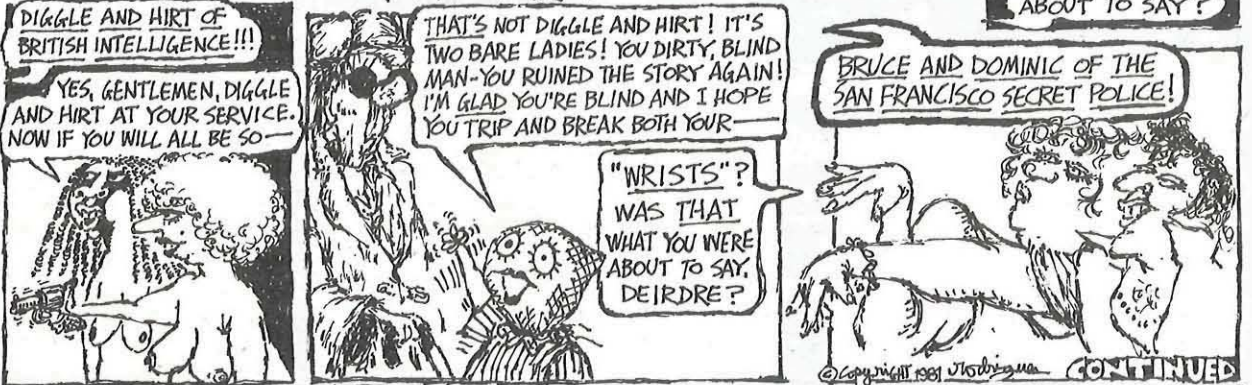
Nancy Reagan



FUNNY PAGES

Deirdre Callahan: A CHILD SO INCREDIBLY UGLY THAT SOMEWHO VIEWER KILL THEMSELVES. OTHERS HAVE THE CORNEAS OF THEIR EYES BURNED OUT!

IN THE STORY LAST MONTH, ONE FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE TEAM AFTER ANOTHER GOT THE DROP ON EACH PRECEDING TEAM. MUCH LIKE A CHEAP HOLLYWOOD DETECTIVE MOVIE. THEN -TOWARDS THE END, DIGGLE AND HIRT OF BRITISH INTELLIGENCE GOT THE DROP ON CUBAN INTELLIGENCE EVEN THOUGH THE EAST GERMANS HAD GOTTEN THE DROP ON THEM EARLIER! CLEARLY A MIXED-UP, IMPOSSIBLE SITUATION! TO UPHOLD OUR REPUTATION IN PRESENTING ONLY THE VERY BEST IN CARTOONING, WE ARE REPEATING LAST MONTH'S STORY, BUT WITH CORRECTED SEQUENCES!



PS. WE APOLOGIZE FOR THE EXCESSIVE COPY IN THIS MONTH'S EPISODE OF DEIRDRE CALLAHAN. WE REALIZE THAT READERS TURN TO THE 'FUNNY PAGES' OF THE NATIONAL LAMPOON MAGAZINE FOR COMICAL PICTURES, NOT WORDS, WORDS, AND MORE WORDS! THAT IS PRECISELY WHY IN PREPARING THIS PAGE WE STRIVE TO EDIT EVERY SUPERFLUOUS WORD AND PHRASE OUT THAT ADDS NOT ONE WHIT OR EVEN HALF-A WHIT—HA-HA-HA! A LITTLE JOKE INTERSPERSED THERE. IT HAS LONG BEEN MY POSITION AS REGARDS VERBOSITY THAT WHERE HUMOR IS CONCERNED IT IS A CARDINAL RULE—CONTINUED P.243

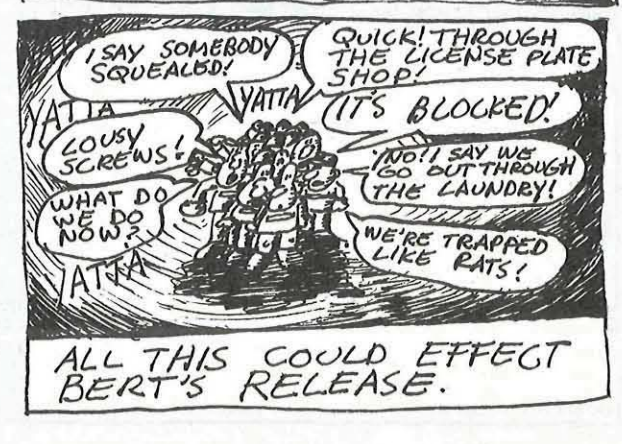
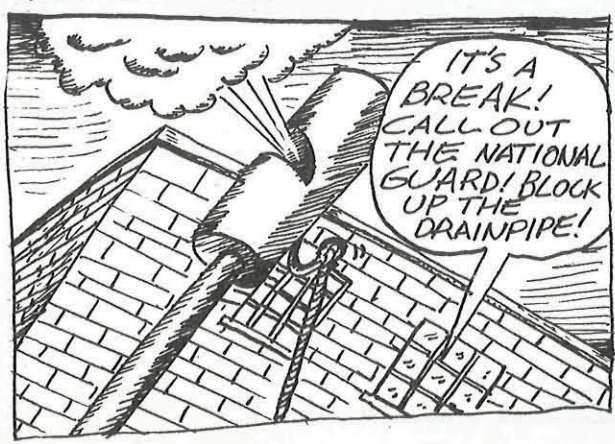
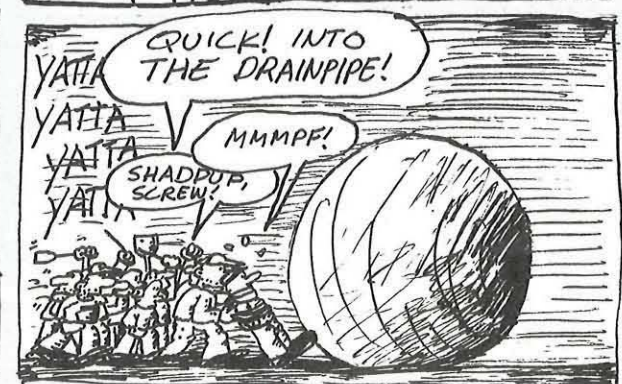
THE MURKIN

CHAPTER 1

BY
Len Glasser
©1981

WHILE SERVING SIX MONTHS IN THE COUNTY WORKHOUSE ON A SODOMY CHARGE, BERT DISCOVERS ALL THE INMATES THERE ARE "RABBIT BOYS" AND HAVE HAD EXACTLY THE SAME EXPERIENCES THAT HE HAS HAD. MEANWHILE, WORKING UNCEASINGLY, BERT'S IDEALISTIC YOUNG LAWYER, NEVILLE COHEN, HAS OBTAINED A COURT ORDER FOR BERT'S RELEASE.

BREAKOUT AT 9:30. PASS IT ALONG!



ALL THIS COULD EFFECT BERT'S RELEASE.



M.K. BROWN © 1981
 HERE IS YOUR SALAD, SIR, BUT WE ARE OUT OF THE POACHED SALMON. HOW ABOUT SHARK? WE HAVE LOADS OF SHARK TODAY



HOLD EVERYTHING! I SEE TOMATOES IN MY SALAD - I SPECIFICALLY SAID NO TOMATOES! I HATE TOMATOES
 SIR, WE ALWAYS PUT TOMATOES IN OUR SALADS. YOU DON'T HAVE TO EAT THEM



YOU'RE DARNED RIGHT I DON'T HAVE TO EAT THEM
 THEN I'LL HAVE THEM. I LOVE TOMATOES



I DON'T FEEL AT HOME IN THIS WORLD ANYMORE

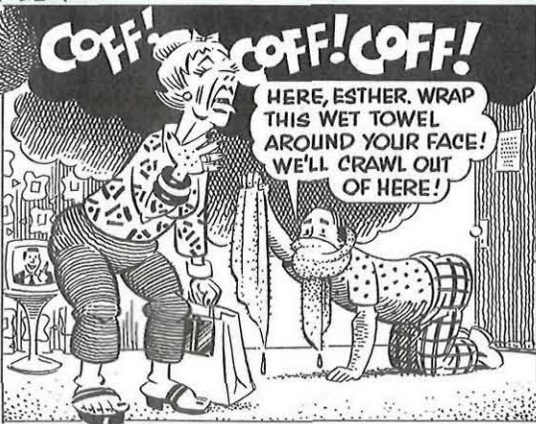
NEXT MONTH: DUTCH BABIES

POLITENESSMAN

by Ron Barrett



AN ARSONIST'S MATCH HAS SET THE FABULOUS HAREM DEL VISTA HOTEL ABLAZE!



COFF! COFF! COFF!
 HERE, ESTHER. WRAP THIS WET TOWEL AROUND YOUR FACE! WE'LL CRAWL OUT OF HERE!



THANK GOD! WE MADE IT!
 CHECKING OUT?



HOTEL GUESTS MAY REMOVE THE COMPLIMENTARY SOAPS AND SHOE CLEANERS FROM THEIR ROOMS, BUT TOWELS ARE NOT SOUVENIRS!
 BUT... LISTEN TO THE MAN, BERNIE!



WE'LL TAKE THE TOWELS BACK.
 COME ON, BERNIE!



LATER
 WELL, MR. POLITEGUY, I HOPE YOU'RE SATISFIED!
 NOT QUITE - DID YOU REMEMBER TO LEAVE THE MAID A DOLLAR-A-DAY TIP?



COME ON, CHEAPSKATE!

WHEN YOU'VE GOT MANNERS ON YOUR MIND, YOU'LL NEVER ACT LIKE A BEHIND! THANK YOU.

WARD

by CHENEY

THIS IS HOW A CRAZY GUY TELLS JOKES:

THERE WERE THESE TWO FIREMEN, AND THEY BOTH DECIDED TO GO TO A PIZZA HUT.



THEY WALKED IN AND THE FIRST FIREMAN SAID TO THE GIRL BEHIND THE COUNTER, "WE'D LIKE SOME CLAMS, PLEASE."



THE GIRL SAID, "I'M SORRY, SIR, WE DON'T SERVE CLAMS HERE."



THE FIREMAN LOOKED AT THE GIRL KIND OF IN A FUNNY WAY AND THEN ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT HIS FRIEND.



THEN THE FIREMAN CHECKED HIS WALLET TO MAKE SURE HE HAD ENOUGH MONEY.



THEN HE ORDERED A PIZZA AND THEN PRETENDED IT WAS CLAMS. HOW'S THAT?



POPULAR PROBLEMS

©1981 by Naudé

SEEMS LIKE I EAT EVERY MEAL HERE. IT'S LIKE FAMILY.



'COURSE I DON'T SLEEP HERE OR GET MY MAIL HERE, BUT IT'S HOME, YES.



THE WAITRESSES TREAT ME LIKE A BROTHER. THE YOUNG OWNER PRETENDS TO GIVE ME FATHERLY ADVICE.



WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?! YOU COME IN ONCE A MONTH, WHICH EVERYBODY HERE DREADS! THE WAITRESSES HATE YOU BECAUSE YOU NEVER TIP! AND YOU ALWAYS, ALWAYS LEAVE ONE GIGANTIC FUCKING MESS THE OWNER TALKS ABOUT FOR WEEKS!!



SOUNDS JUST LIKE MY MOTHER.



THE GRAND TOUR

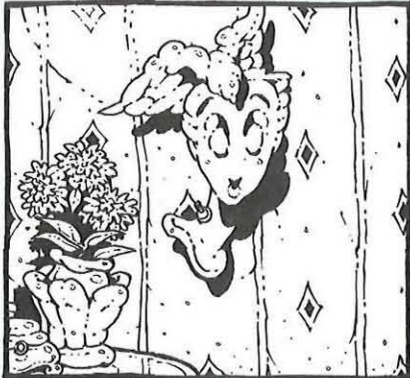
RICK GEARY ©81



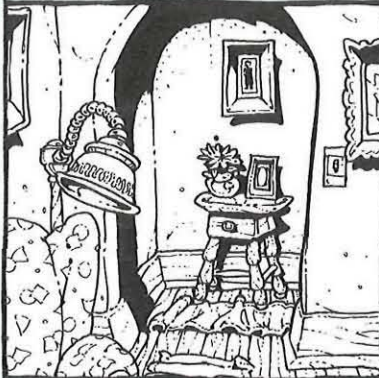
SINCE THIS IS YOUR FIRST VISIT TO OUR HOUSE, YOU GET THE "GRAND TOUR."



THE WEST FACADE IS THE ORIGINAL (1953), THO THE PORCH IS EARLY '60s.



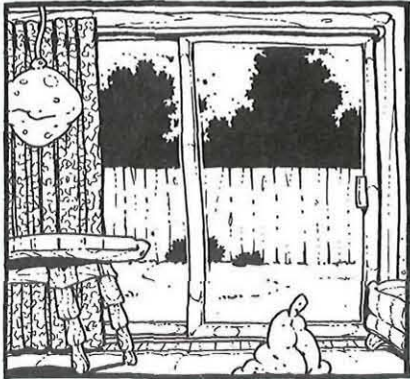
THE FRONT HALLWAY HAS, AMONG OTHER THINGS, A REPRODUCTION OF A GENUINE 1940s LIGHTING FIXTURE.



WE CALL THIS THE "PORTAL OF SORROWS."



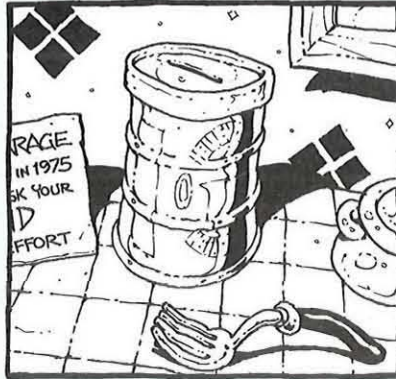
TRADITION HOLDS THAT FOR UNKNOWN REASONS NONE OF US USED THE BATHROOM FOR THE ENTIRETY OF 1961.



THE SLIDING GLASS DOOR IS NINE FEET LONG AND DATES FROM 1958 (INSTALLED BY DESI-LUX REMODELLING).



OUR TWO-CAR GARAGE WAS BLOWN DOWN IN 1975. IT HAS BEEN ONLY PARTIALLY RESTORED.



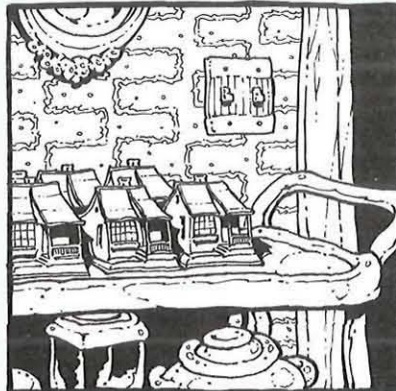
WE ASK YOUR AID IN THIS EFFORT.



THE BREAKFAST NOOK IS A RECENT ADDITION, BUT THE ACCESSORIES HAVE BEEN WITH US FOR GENERATIONS.



THE OUTLINE OF OUR FIRST CHEST FREEZER CAN BE SEEN ON THE UTILITY ROOM FLOOR.



AS YOU LEAVE, YOU MAY WANT TO PURCHASE A REPLICA.

TIMBERLAND Tales

by B.K. Taylor



DOCTOR ROGERS



KATHLEEN



MAURICE - THE INDIAN BOY SOME CALL HIM THE JOCKER.



CONSTABLE TOM RUMORED TO HAVE A SMALL AMOUNT OF BRAIN DRAINAGE.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON IS IN THE AIR, AND IN TIMBERLAND, IT'S A SPECIAL TIME FOR OLD FRIENDS TO GATHER TOGETHER BY THE WARMTH OF A FIRE FOR TALK AND THE NOURISHMENT OF A HOME-COOKED MEAL. IT IS TIMES LIKE THESE THAT MAKE THE NORTH COUNTRY WHAT IT IS.



LET'S LOOK IN AND EXPERIENCE A TASTE OF THIS GLORIOUS OCCASION. IN THE CABIN OF KATHLEEN, WE HEAR...



MERRY CHRISTMAS!

WELL, LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN, EH? HEH-HEH!

THE FEAST WILL BE READY SOON - I HOPE YOU CAME WITH AN EMPTY STOMACH!



YOU BET! AND I'M BE READY FOR CHRISTMAS SHENANIGANS, TOO!



THE FIRST EVENT OF THE EVENING WAS A SING-ALONG, WITH ARMS ENTWINED, SWAYING BACK AND FORTH BY A CRACKLING FIRE.

♪ KATHY PATHY PO-PATHY ♪
BONANA-PANA PO-PATHY...



NEXT, OF COURSE, WAS THE DECORATING OF THE TREE...



THEN A HEATED GAME OF CHARADES.

MOONRIVER? THE OLD GRAY MARE?

DAT'S RIGHT!



AT LAST, WHAT EVERYONE HAS BEEN WAITING FOR... THE CHRISTMAS MEAL.

IT'S SO NICE HAVING YOU ALL HERE TOGETHER - ESPECIALLY YOU, CONSTABLE TOM. IT'S BEEN SUCH A LONG TIME SINCE YOU'VE JOINED US FOR DINNER.

I CAN'T WAIT!

ME TOO!



IT MAY BE COLD AND SNOWY OUTSIDE, BUT WE'RE WARM AND COZY IN HERE, AREN'T WE?

INDEED WE ARE, AND WITH A FINE MEAL BEFORE US, KATHLEEN!

LET'S EAT, EH?

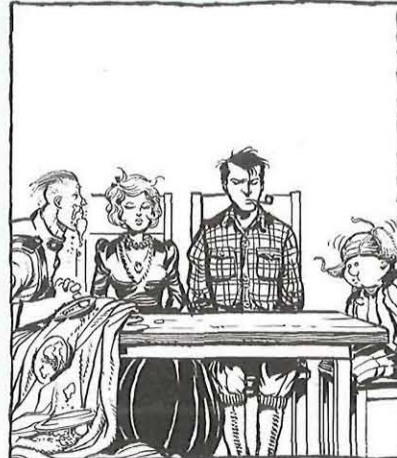


KATHLEEN TURNS TO CONSTABLE TOM WITH A SPECIAL REQUEST...

WOULD YOU CARE TO SAY THE BLESSING THIS EVENING, CONSTABLE TOM?



NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP, I PRAY THEE FOR MY SOUL TO KEEP... AMEN.

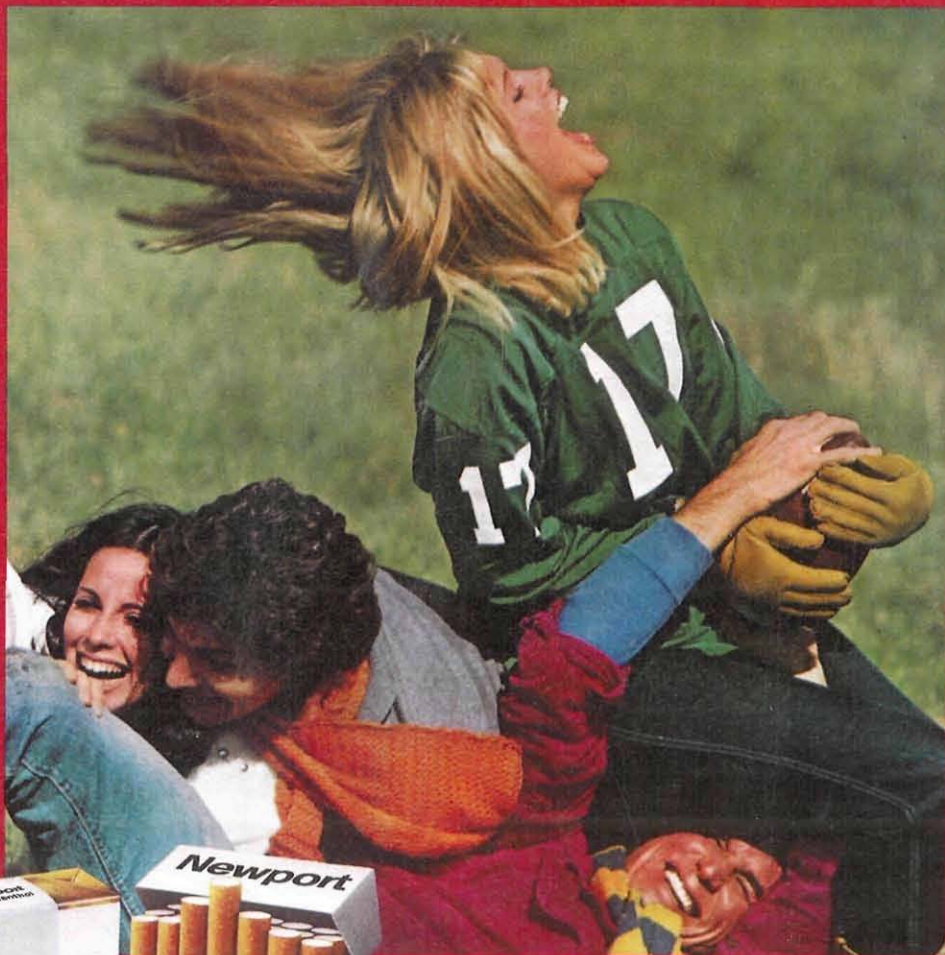


... WOULD ANYONE CARE FOR DESSERT?

GRUMBLE

Happy Holidays

New! Newport Red



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**Non-
Menthol**

**Rich tobacco taste.
Alive with pleasure!**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

14 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

IN AMERICA CAN A MAN BE GUILTY UNTIL PROVEN INNOCENT?

Suppose you picked
up this morning's
newspaper and
your life was a
front page headline...

And everything they
said was accurate...

But none of it was true.

The D.A., the Feds,
and the Police set
her up to write the
story that explodes
his world.

Now he's going to
write the book on
getting even.



Photo by TOM ZIMBEROFF, SYGMA

PAUL NEWMAN SALLY FIELD

ABSENCE OF MALICE

COLUMBIA PICTURES Presents A MIRAGE ENTERPRISES PRODUCTION
PAUL NEWMAN • SALLY FIELD • "ABSENCE OF MALICE" • Music by DAVE GRUSIN
Director of Photography OWEN ROIZMAN, A.S.C. • Executive Producer RONALD L. SCHWARY
Written by KURT LUEDTKE • Produced and Directed by SYDNEY POLLACK



PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

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ROAD REVISITED

continued from page 24

is all about, all right; I was digging everything to frenzied proportions.

A bouncing stewardess came up the aisle, wearing rouge, mascara, and lipstick that was just fabulous, holding copies of *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Life*, *People*, each encased in its own plastic folder, asking everyone if they'd care for a magazine. Another stewardess, with eyelashes fluttering, pushed a huge metal cart up the aisle asking, "Cocktail?" with a big flirtatious smile, and she accosted my gray-faced companion, who was now reading a book, *Winning Through Intimidation*. I think it was; he was quite well absorbed in the ink, and he looked up, gave her a condescending look, and shook his head solemnly no, and I couldn't help but smile in a crazy way. I jumped at the chance to buy a Manhattan, and Jersey Jim ordered a vodka tonic. We folded down the smooth plasticene trays latched up to the seats in front of us, and *clack*, the stewardess passed us our sparkling drinks, and we passed her a few bucks over the gray stranger, who tried unsuccessfully to conceal his annoyance. I tried to befriend him with small talk—a foolish gesture, since the only response I

got was a dumb grin, a nod, and eyes that quickly darted back to the pages of his book. I stirred my swizzle stick, smiled smugly, and sang with joy; there was something so indubitably aloof in the gray stranger; I couldn't help but crack a wide smile and laugh to myself. Jersey Jim and I slowly sipped our drinks, and I was feeling damn good by now. The pilot was gunning the plane to the limit, and then we hit a bounce and the plane jumped. I thought we were all in for a nose dive, but the pilot came on over the speakers and apologized and told us that we were hitting some fine turbulence and that he was putting on the seat-belt sign again, which didn't matter to me, since I hadn't taken mine off, and we rocked back and forth. After a few minutes passed, or maybe even several, since I had finished my drink, the pilot came back on and said we were now flying over Chicago! I yelled for joy. Chicago! The city, the lights, the sounds of the nightlife, the frantic rushing about, the big bridges and skyscrapers of the Windy City. I could imagine it all: the clubs, the cafés, the bars, strip joints, picture shows with hobos sleeping in the front rows in urine-stained seats, the fabulous whores booming beneath the lights of the Loop,

spreading the clap among the hectic businessmen rushing by in the elevated trains above. I looked out the window into the darkness illuminated by small dots of light from the busy city below. Everything looked so small.

Then the seat-belt sign went off again; the plane had stopped rocking, and the stewardesses were wheeling carts up the aisles again, this time to pass out the small plastic dinner trays, which they did almost mechanically. First a tray to Jersey Jim, then one to me, and then to the gray stranger. I put my headphones back on and was bopping with that crazy Easy Listening and it was "Up, up, and away in my beautiful, my beautiful balloon," and my soul whooped. I was really hungry and wolfing down the crisp green salad covered with French dressing that I had to squeeze from a plastic package, and then savoring every bite of that sweet meat loaf, buttered roll, and fruit cup, and tapping my fork to the crazy beat rushing through my head; and in the black night we were flying across the corn belt, and I was digging every rise and bump. The stewardess came by, and, one at a time, we put our white coffee cups up on the tray she held out for us so sweetly; and she filled our cups with inky coffee in the aisle, passed them back to us, and we finished them in a gulp and we were zooming. Before I knew it the stewardesses had collected our finished dinner trays, and I flipped up the cool plastic folding table and shimmed the latch that held it up against the seat in front of me, and I could feel the person in the seat behind me doing the same thing, folding, lifting, latching, making sure it was secure, except it felt like he was kicking at my seat. It didn't really bother me; I had to get up for a minute anyway to get to the rest room, excusing myself past the gray stranger, stumbling down the aisle toward the rear of the plane, grabbing the tops of the seats to keep my balance in case we hit some turbulence, passing all the people who had finished their meals and who were now reading books, magazines, and newspapers, or trying to keep their kids in their seats.

There was a line for the rest room and I was standing behind the cutest girl; a pang went through my heart; her hair was long and true blond; her pork chops were medium rare; her eyes were deep blue pools and I longed to tread water. I had to go so badly, and I was praying the line would move faster, but I was hoping all the same that it wouldn't move at all, so I'd have time to get up the courage to strike up a conversation with this

strange, warm, luscious girl. An old, wrinkling, gray man stood ahead of us; an old, baggy woman came out from one of the two rest rooms, and the old man took her place, and I was alone with the girl; I had to make my move before the other rest room became free, which would no doubt be shortly. I had to say something, I just had to! And then I asked her if she wanted to see the night with me in L.A.; I took her hand in mine; she rolled her fingers over her wedding band.

"No, I don't think so," she said with a pout of her lip, and I really loved the way she said it. A young boy of five came out from the other rest room, and she smiled and went in his place. The stewardesses were sitting nearby on a small cushioned seat that folded out from the back wall; they were anticipating something; one looked at me, and coyly looked back at the other; I could tell we'd be landing soon, and just then the tall, lanky old man clicked the latch open on the rest room door, jarred it open—the rickety metal and plastic wobbling as he did—and he excused himself past me to return up the aisle to his seat. I inched into the compact rest room, trying to find the light switch before closing the flimsy door; but then I realized the latch on the

continued on page 99



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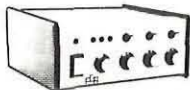
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ROAD REVISITED

continued

door must activate the lights, so I swung it shut, jiggled the latch, and the lights were on. I was having trouble standing straight, and just as my waterfall began to trickle, we hit some turbulence; I wasn't holding on to anything and *wham* I fell into the wall, but I still managed without getting the seat all wet, and afterward I wiped it clean with some fine white tissue; I pushed the button that flushed the toilet and I looked down to see if it was expelled into the sky, but I figured there must have been a reserve tank. I washed my hands and face in the sink, wiping myself dry with a crisp paper towel that I had to stuff into a metal canister built into the wall and full to the brink; I was thinking, "Whoa, doggie!" as I unlatched the door, and slick as a fiddle I was stumbling back up the aisle with a maniacal smirk of joy, past the kids and crazy parents all getting prepared for landing. I was back in my seat after climbing over my gray buddy, and I buckled up my seat belt again, laid my head back, with my elbows on the armrest and my hands folded in my lap, and I was lying back thinking about Dean Moriarty, Jr. The last time I'd seen Dean he was ragged in festered clothes, his mouth gaping, babbling delirious, maddening talk; still in tattered threads and ideas, not like the Dean he is today, not at all. He was meeting me tonight at the airport; it was going to be one helluva reunion.

We were suddenly told to put our seats in the upright position, and the pilot came on to tell us we were in our final descent and to thank us for flying with him, and soon I realized we were coming into L.A. International and I could see the lights of the city in the window, the hundreds of glittering, sparkling lights of buildings, houses, cars, the freeway, illuminating the tremendous city like when you hold a candle behind a piece of shirt cardboard that has hundreds of holes punched in it with a pin. I heard the smooth hydraulic push of the landing gear coming down; I felt the pressure building up inside me as the plane descended, falling down, down, and through the window I saw the flashing red lights of the runway getting closer and closer, and then the front of the plane was higher than the back of the plane; we really could have been taking off again, but then *bump! screech!* The back wheels were on the ground with a bounce and the engines were whirring, roaring; the brakes were desperately trying to slow us down and I was digging it all and then the front of the plane

came down with a little bounce as the front wheel felt the asphalt against its rubber roundness; we were slowing down from the storm, cooling our jets, feeling the thrust push us back in our seats. We slowed down to a taxi; the plane was slowly pulling in to the terminal and we were being asked please not to leave our seats until the plane had come to a complete stop. When it did, almost everyone got up from their seats at once, and I reached under the front seat for my briefcase. I held it in my lap until I chanced to stand up, and then I still had to wait impatiently for the passengers to slowly file out, all stumbling for their bags and coats and getting in each other's way with absolute madness, all grabbing, sighing, cutting each other off, everyone in the back trying to get off before the people up front, and me reveling in the joy of it all; until finally I got through, nodding good-bye to Jersey Jim with a smile, slowly walking up the aisle behind a line of glorious snails to the exit, where a stewardess mechanically smiled and said a friendly good-bye, and I boomed an enthusiastic "Good-bye!" and winked, and she smiled and her eyelashes fluttered.

I walked down the metal corridor, with its crazy rubber ramp and fabulous paper-thin walls, and then out into the cool carpet of the terminal, behind the others in a line like pies on a conveyer belt eager with excitement for Lucille Ball to spritz them with whipped cream, top them with a cherry, and place them on the shelf across the room. I walked quickly; I could feel a rush of eagerness and yes, yes, I was here in the city, at the end of my journey, and a crowd of people stood at the exit behind the metal detectors, and I could see the colors, the colors of their clothing in a swarming mass, and I saw a glimpse of Dean, his head shot up from the crowd.

"Dean, Dean!" I called out.

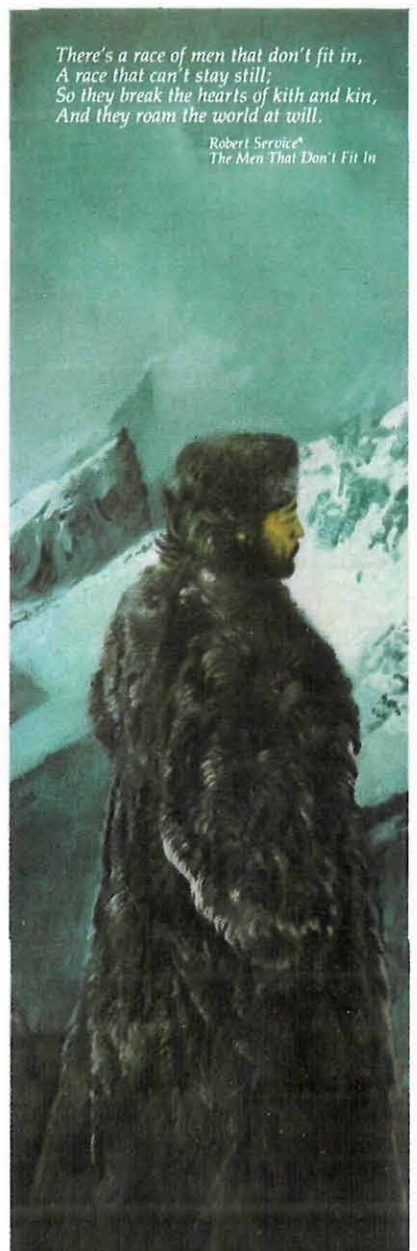
"Whee!" yelled Dean, and he came running toward me in his gray flannel suit. "Whee-haw!" We must have looked like brothers as we shook hands and hugged like we hadn't seen each other in years, which we hadn't, and I almost began to cry for joy, each of us in the same suit. We were together again, Dean and I, and it was great to see him.

"You ready for the stockholders' meeting, Jack?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, yes!" I shouted. The air conditioning hummed through the terminal, everyone filed toward the baggage claim area, and the place roared with excitement. I was just hoping that the airline hadn't lost my luggage. □

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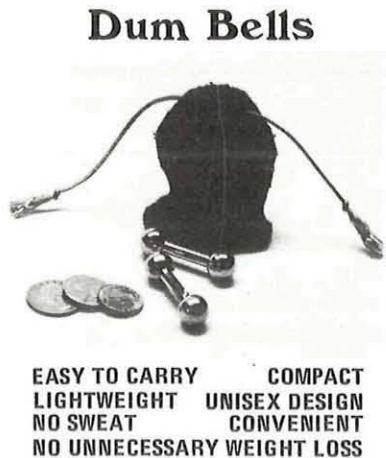
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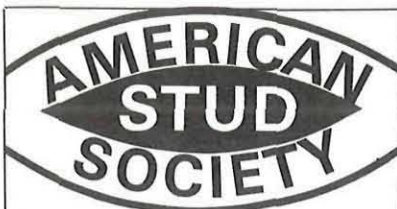
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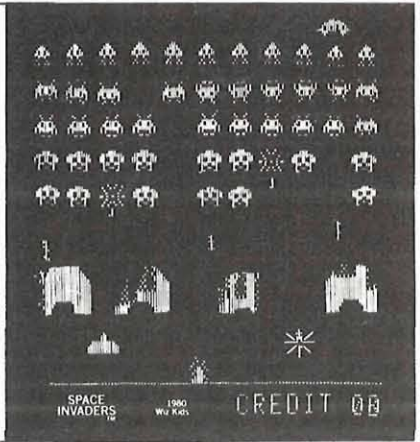
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TRUE SECTION

ON THE LEVEL



True Facts

• Nezhdet Banushi, thirty-eight, of Quincy, Massachusetts, was arrested and charged with stealing onions from the Commonwealth Fruit and Produce Company, Inc., of Boston. Police were tipped off by Banushi's neighbors, who complained that he was storing twenty-two tons of onions—900 bags—in his backyard. *AP* (contributed by May Ann Militello)

• Pasco County, Florida, sheriff's deputies investigated a case involving a seventy-nine-year-old man who knocked himself unconscious with an electrical "device" consisting of a radio transmitter with a Morse-code key, a rheostat set at 12 volts, and an earphone jack. According to the deputies, the device was wired to the man's penis. *Saint Petersburg Times* (contributed by Robert S. Powers)

• Thongyu Maeksuk, twenty-nine, shot and killed a man identified only as Tin during a business dispute in Nakhon Sawan, Thailand. Thongyu worked for the Coca-Cola company; Tin worked for Pepsi. *AP* (contributed by Martin Street)

• The John Peter Smith Hospital in Fort Worth, Texas, was thrown into darkness when floodwaters knocked out power and damaged emergency generators one Friday night. During the confusion that followed the outage, and during the weekend, a young mental patient masquerading as a medical official took charge, directing the staff and coping with the emergency. With no ventilation or air conditioning, the temperature inside the hospi-

tal rose, and at one point the young leader dispatched staffers on a late-night search for ice. "We wound up with two thousand pounds of dry ice in the lobby," said hospital spokeswoman Jane Wolf, admitting that no one had questioned the patient because he seemed to be doing such a good job. *AP* (contributed by Dan Starr)

• Paul White, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, lost his job as a parking-lot attendant after an altercation with a woman who had cursed at him. Vowing to do something about people who curse, White founded what he called Curseholics Anonymous and set up a special telephone "curse hot line." White discontinued the service, though, because he was getting "too many obscene phone calls." *New York Times* (contributed by Bill Moseley)

• Michael Hingson, a blind salesman, sued Pacific Southwestern Airlines, charging

that airline employees had physically abused him in a dispute over seating on a flight. Hingson claimed that airline personnel demanded that he sit in a so-called bulkhead seat near the front of the plane. When Hingson refused that seat and took another further back, he claimed, airline security officials "twisted [his] arm, choked [his] dog, and threw [them] both off the plane." *Los Angeles Times* (contributed by Jim Cook)

• Occupational therapist Masako Walley, of Edmonton, Canada, claims she can restore some body control to stroke victims by massaging them with common dildo vibrators. Walley noted that vibration has been used to treat stroke victims since the 1960s, but not very effectively, until she found the right kind of vibrator in a sex shop. "It was the only one I could find with the right frequency," she said. Walley uses the dildo to massage muscles

in the roof of the mouth, to "get the mouth moving again." *AP* (contributed by Joe Fairbanks)

• Frank Guzowski sued top officials of the Detroit Race Course, in Michigan, charging that track employees there tied the tails of racehorses to starting-gate bars in order to slow their performances. According to Guzowski, his horse, Shapely Miss, had her tail tied to the starting gate immediately prior to a November 1978 race at the track. The horse suffered spinal and reproductive injuries while attempting to free herself. According to testimony in the case, the jockey on Shapely Miss overheard an assistant starter at the track yell, "This horse gets tailed," just before the start of the race. *Detroit Free Press* (contributed by Lowell S. Paul)

• During an Atlanta, Georgia, drug bust, police arrested thirty-four-year-old Hattie Taylor. A body search of the five-and-one-half-foot-tall, 350-pound woman reportedly turned up a pistol hidden under her left breast and \$2,000 in cash stuck in a crease in her abdomen. *Atlanta Constitution* (contributed by Ron Hooker)

• A twenty-two-year-old Amarillo, Texas, woman told police that a tall man pushed her into an elevator, saying, "There's nothing they can do to stop me." He then lifted her dress and smashed two raw eggs on her buttocks. When the elevator doors opened again, the attacker fled. *Amarillo Daily News* (contributed by Dale Gilliam)

PHOTO FOR THOUGHT



(contributed by Bill Nesmith, Springfield, Missouri)

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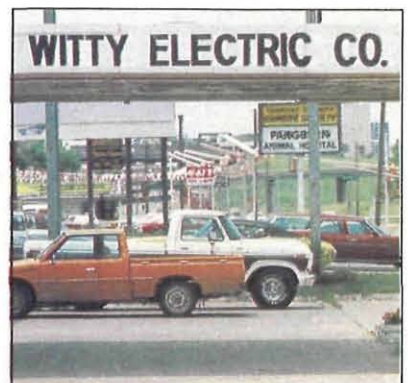
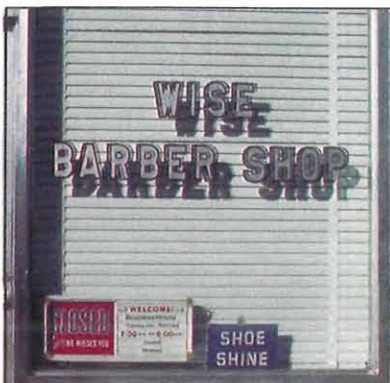
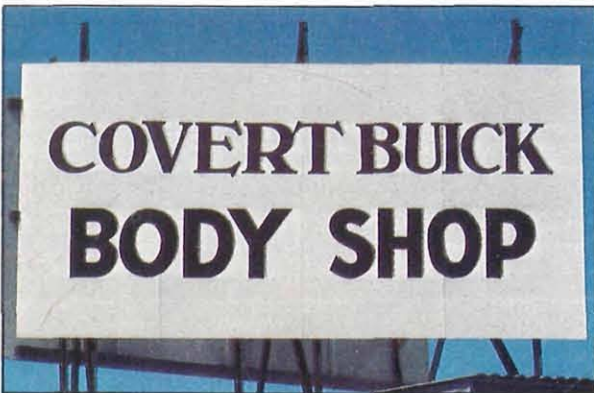
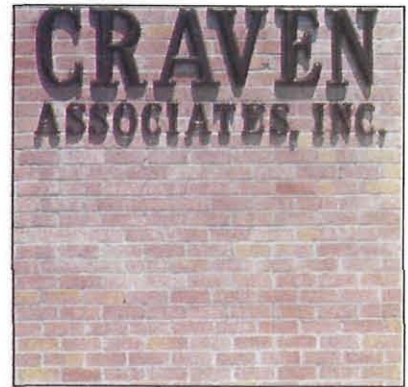
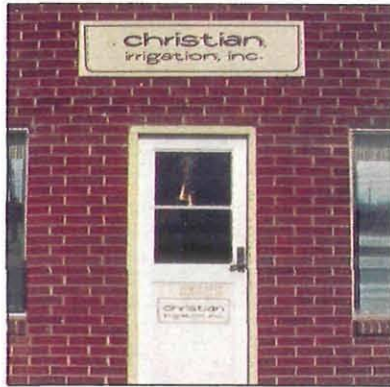
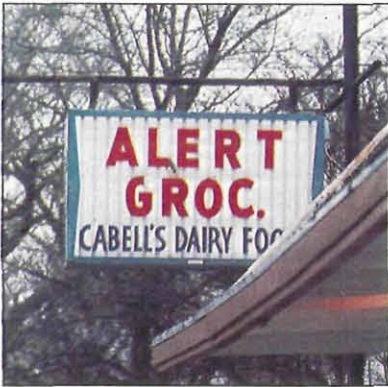
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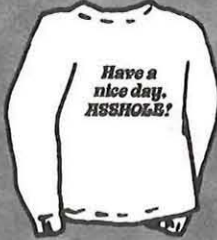
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| 2. FREE MOUSTACHE RIDES (WITH ARTWORK) | 8. HEY LITTLE GIRL, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY? | 16. WHY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SCREW | 24. PARTY SIZE* | 34. GO POUND SAND! |
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| 5. I RODE THE MOUSTACHE (WITH ARTWORK) | 11. HARPOON A FAT CHICK! | 19. NO TEENIE WIENIES | 27. BUT NOT WITH YOU | 37. SNOW BLIND |
| 6. I DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM. | 12. HAVE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE! | 20. MINE'S BIGGER | 28. I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD | 38. LISTEN TO WHAT I MEAN, NOT WHAT I SAY. |
| 7. I DRINK. | 13. FUCK YOU IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE | 21. I'D WALK OVER YOU TO SEE "THE WHO" | 29. I'M FOR LUST | 39. TAKE THIS JOB AND SHOVE IT! |
| 8. I GET DRUNK. | 14. NO FAT CHICKS | 22. IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE WHEN YOU'RE AS GREAT AS I AM | 30. SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME | 40. WHEN EVERYTHING'S RIGHT, NOTHING MATTERS |
| 9. I FALL DOWN. | 15. NO FAT DUDES | | 31. I WANT A MEAL, NOT A SNACK! | 41. KART RACERS DO IT ON ALL FOURS. |
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